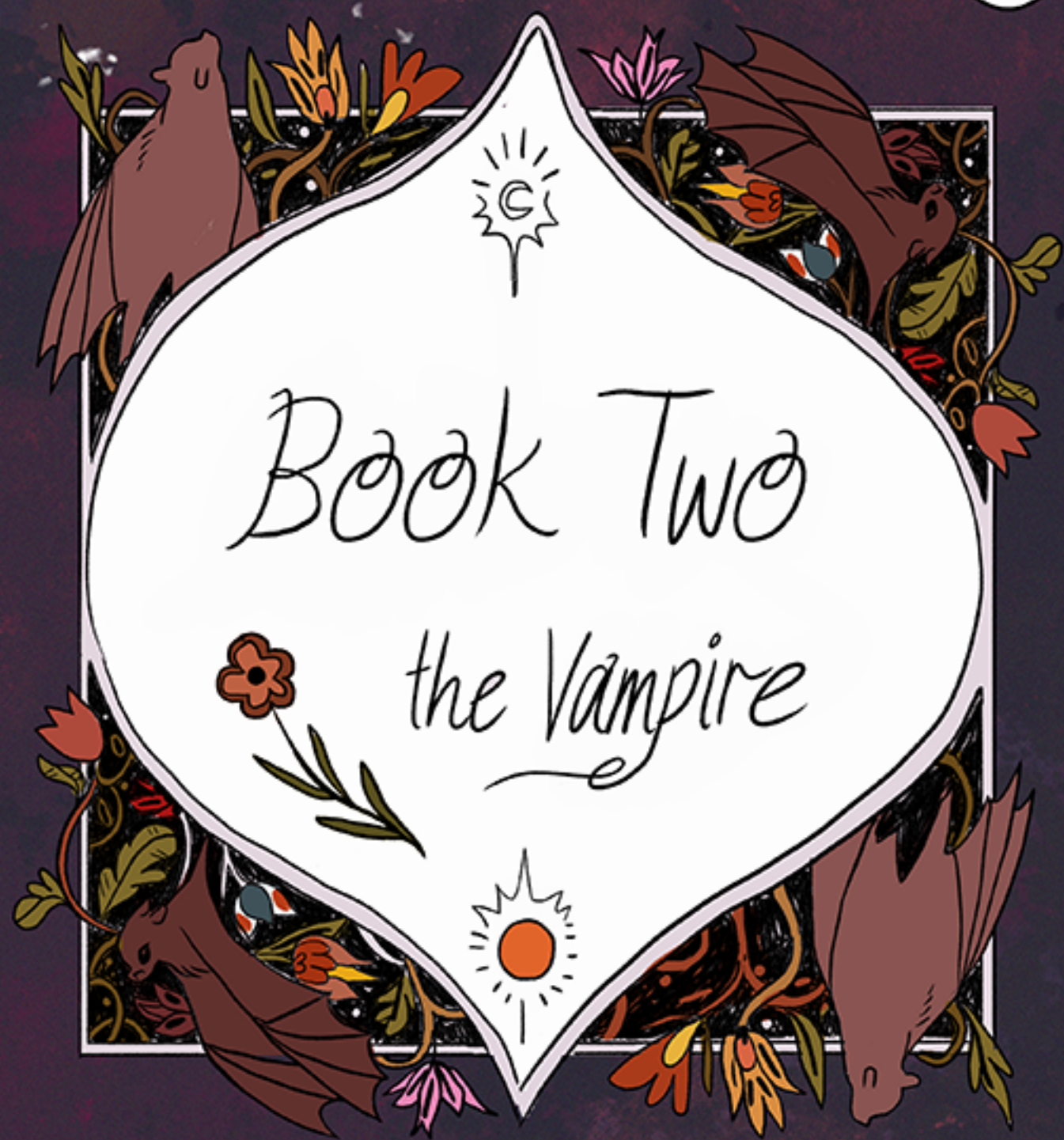
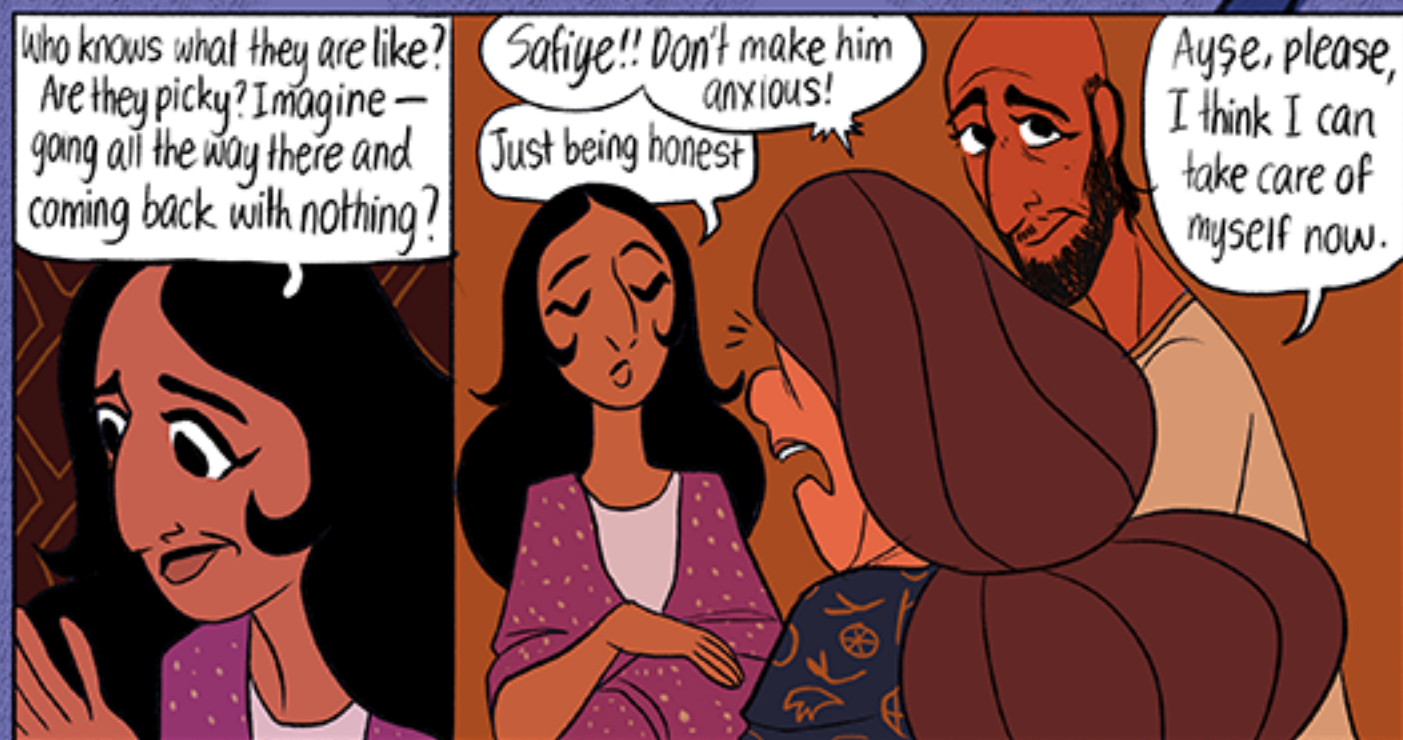
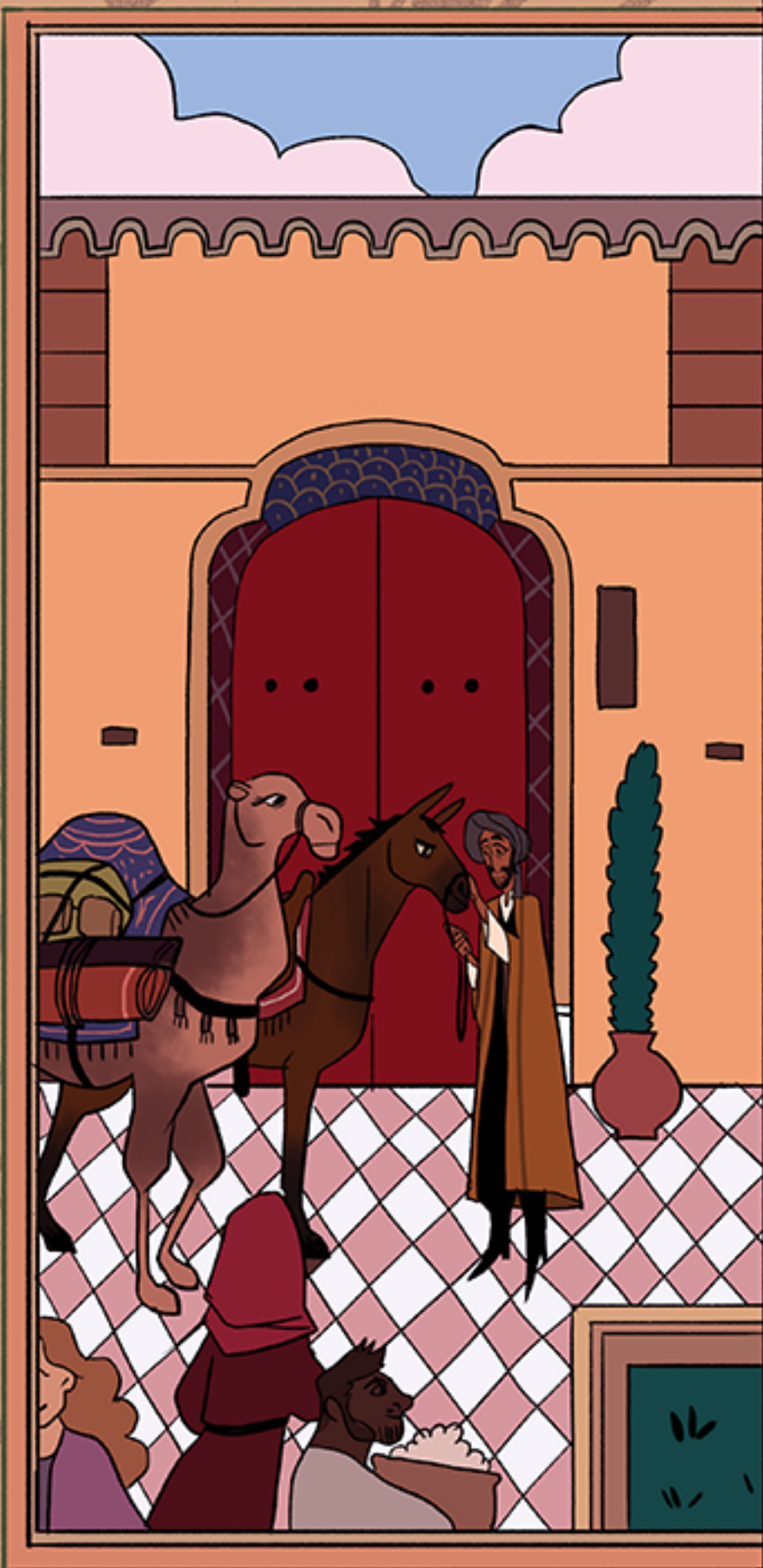










Safiye, come here.

Remember what I told you yesterday; don't worry, alright? Be good, and listen to Ayşe.

* Persian expression of love

Ayşe.

Jeegaré man-ee! I'm already missing you!

Eee! Stop!

Take care, ok?

I promise to come home soon, with a thousand carpets! So sell more to make room ~

Hah

Now, scram! Go away!

We can't miss you if you're still here!

Be careful, challenging me like that. You might see the whole shop empty whenever you're back ♥

haha







Th- there should be a town by now.

Don't tell me I'm lost...



* 'God forgive me', but can also be used colloquially, as in here.

But what if...
what if they
aren't a thief?

What if...
they really
are in
trouble?

I'll be selfish to
turn my back on somebody,

just because I'm scared
of an evil that may not
exist, except in my
own heart.

Shouldn't I be
afraid of the
Almighty even
more?

What will I tell
Allah if He asks
me about this on
Judgement Day?

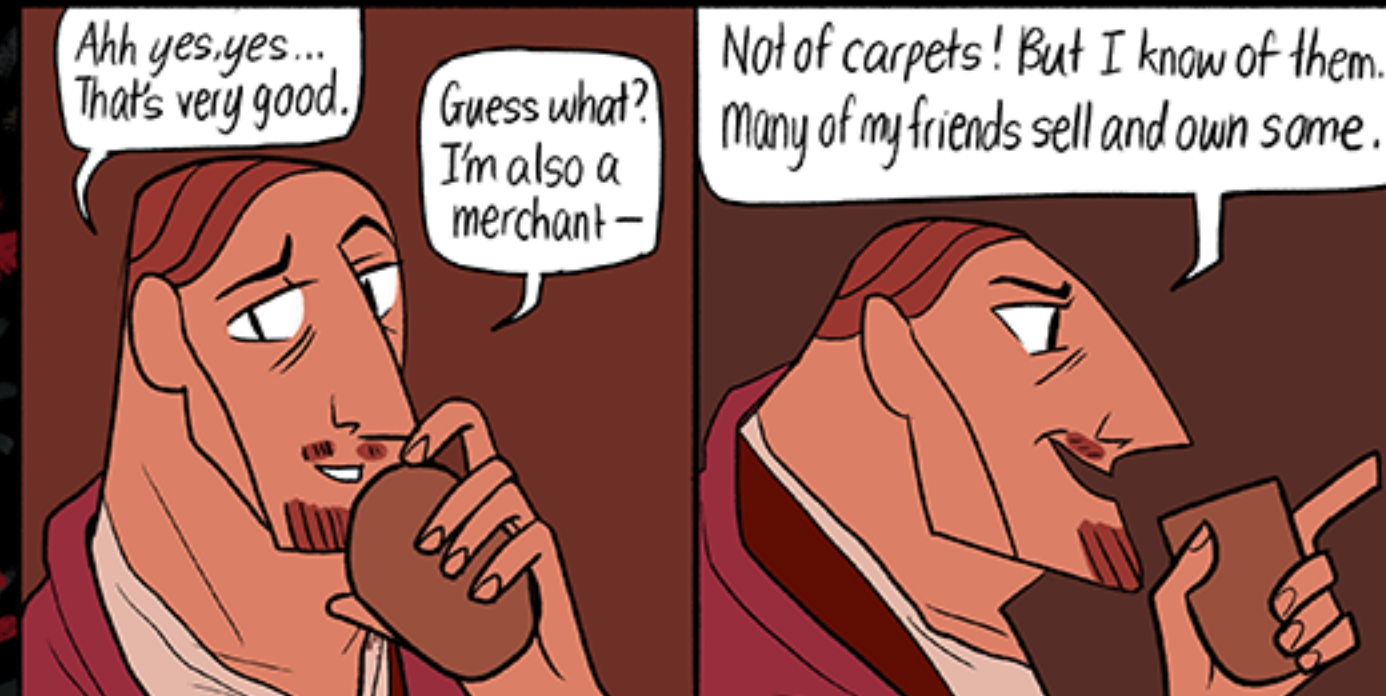
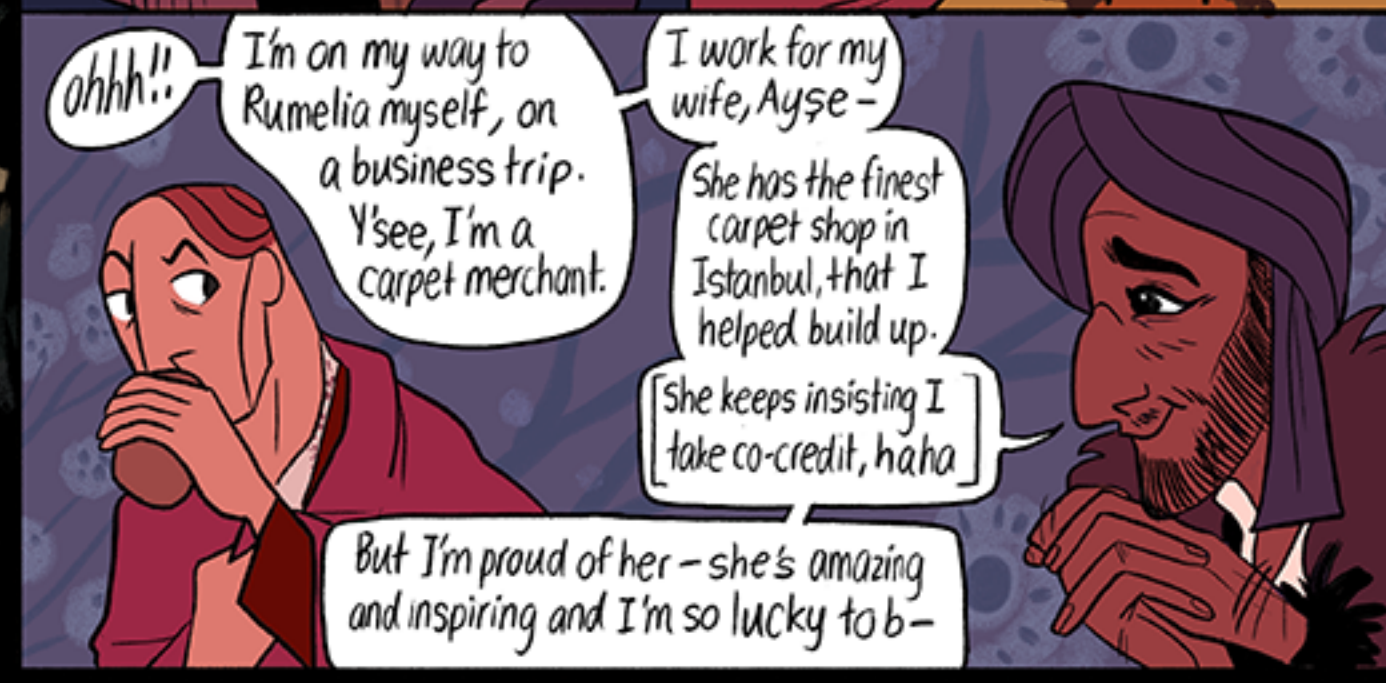
He would
want me to do
good, right?

After all, He loves the
doers of good. (2:195)

And...
He knows everything.

sigh





Oh, really! Tell me what
the Rumeli rugs are like.

Well, I'll
see if I can do
them justice.
ahem

crack

dark,
dense,
beautiful.

these are
the carpets
of my
home...

we weave into them
The mystery and
the beauty of
our forests
our mountains
our history

(red for the flowers)

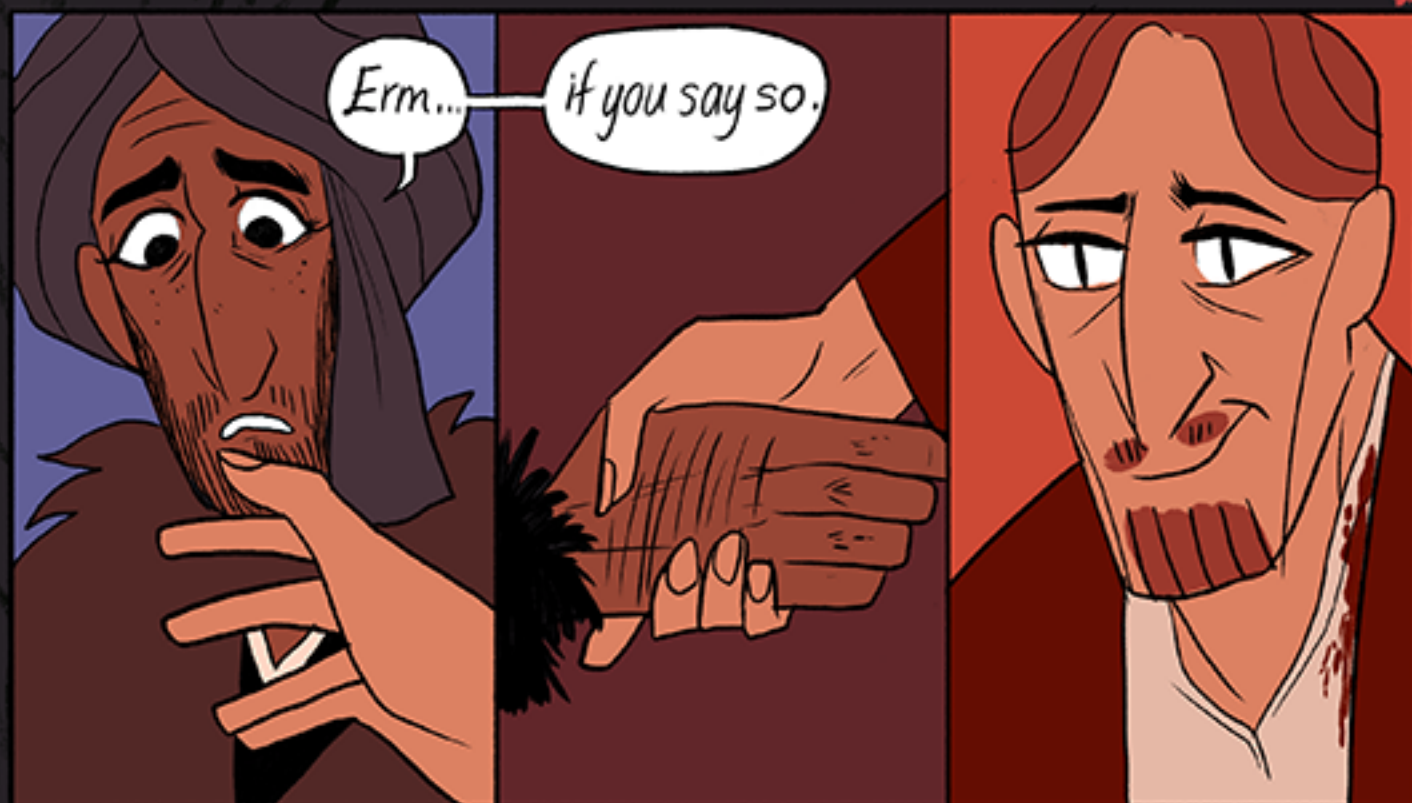
(black for the ground)

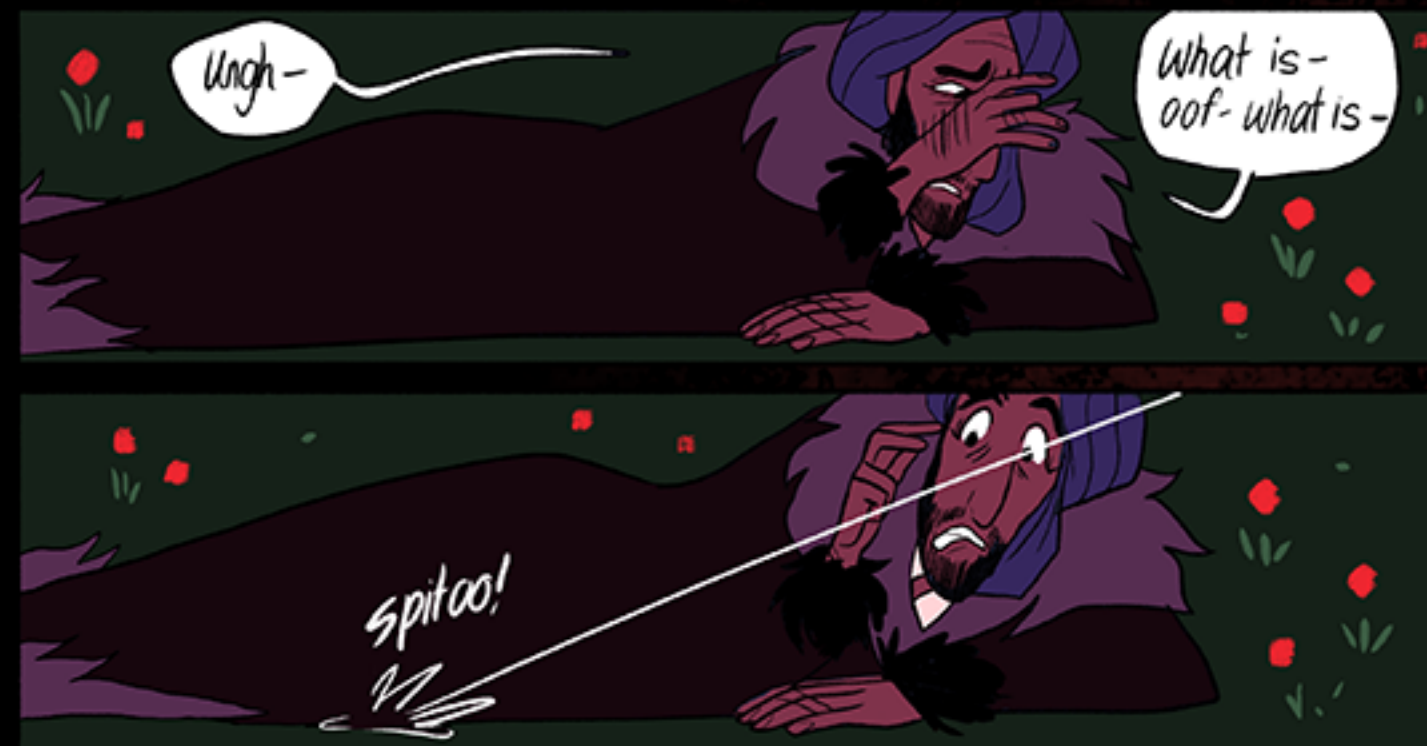
(red for the blood of men sacrificed)

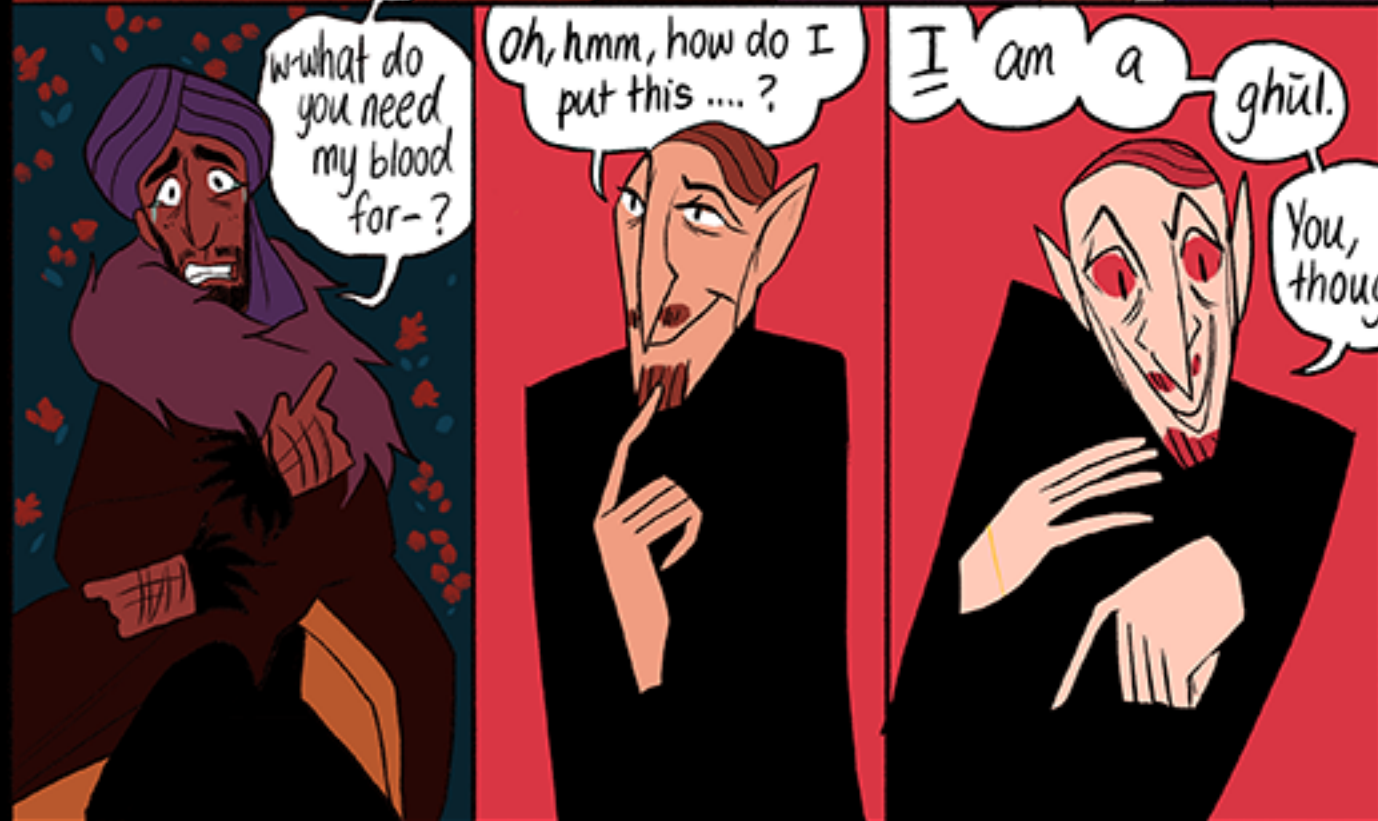
(black for the night in which they rest)

our life blooms protection and houses
hopeful birds under the fabric of our tree.
in Sehirköy lies our pride and magic...





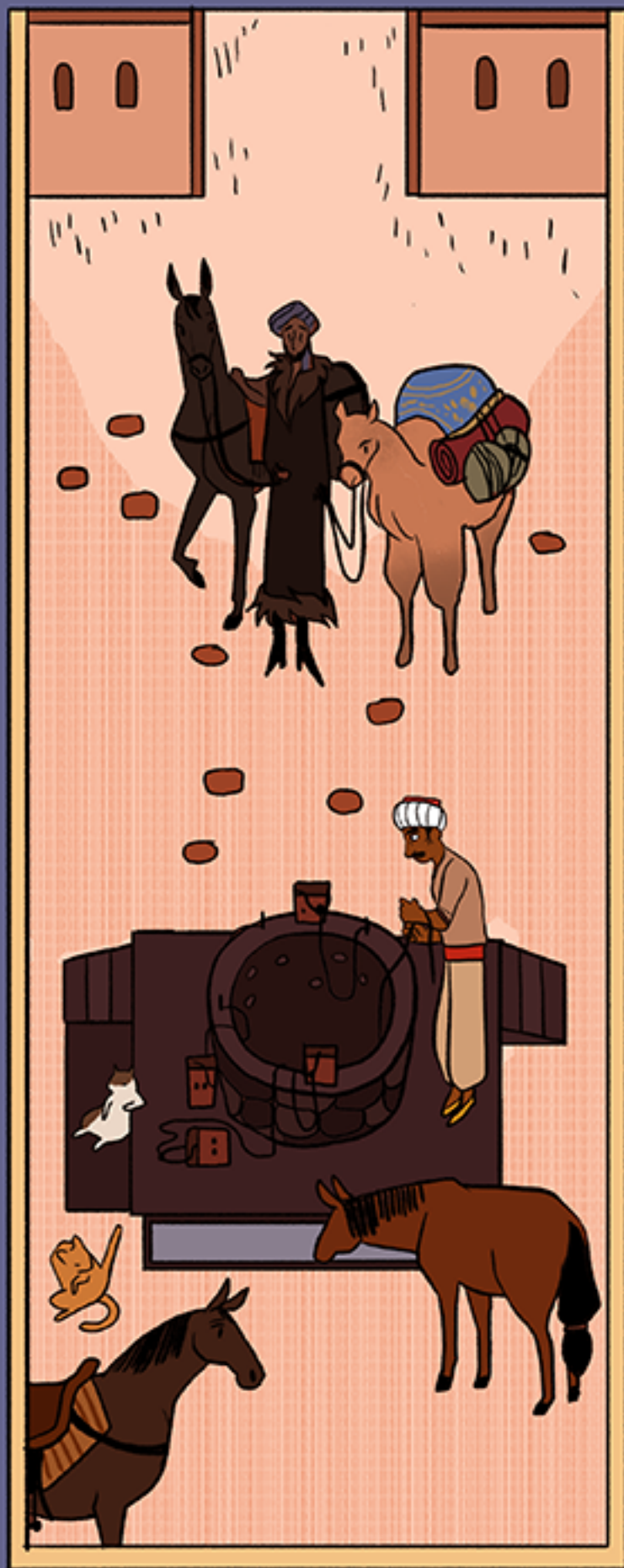




ARE my dinner!



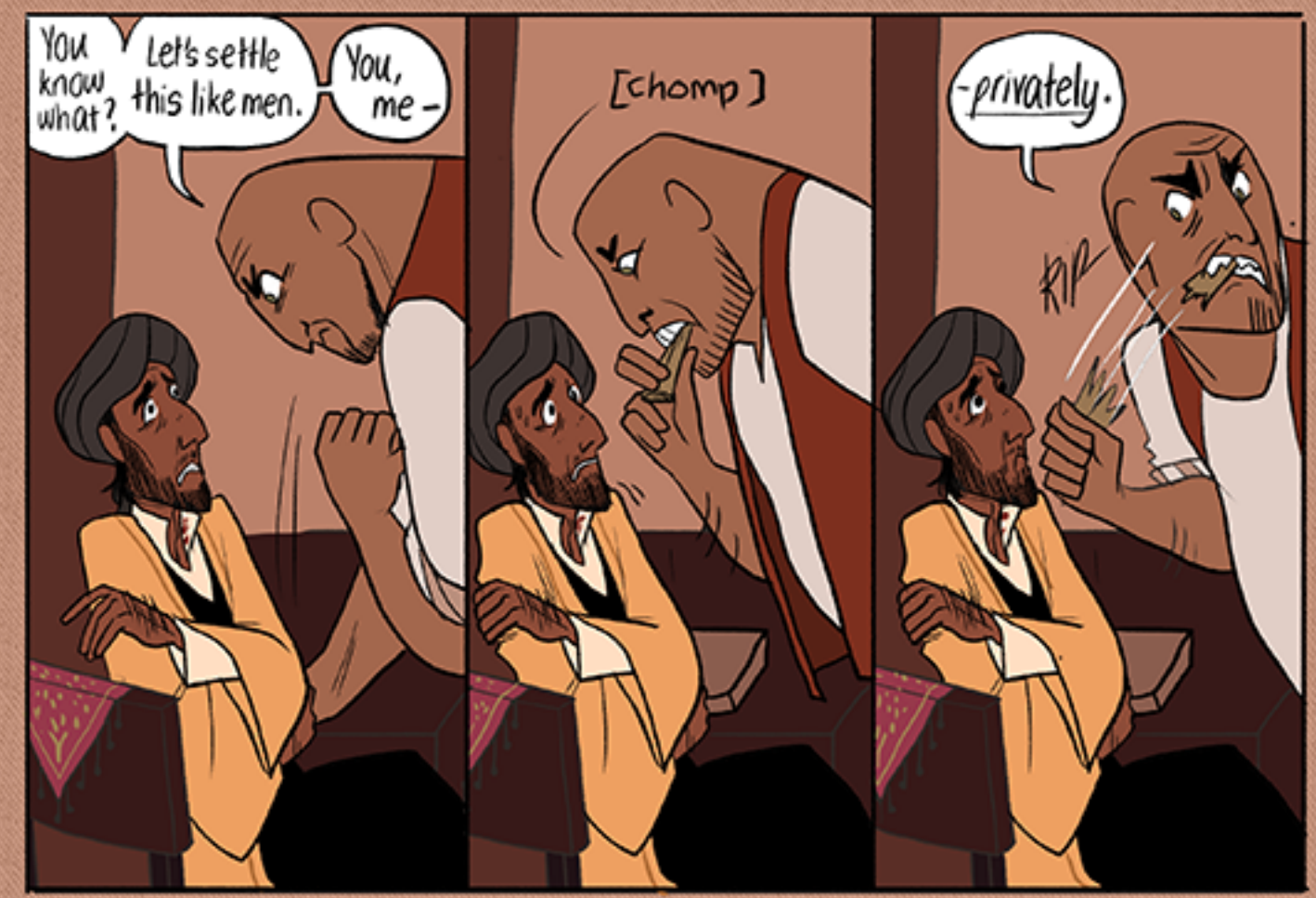


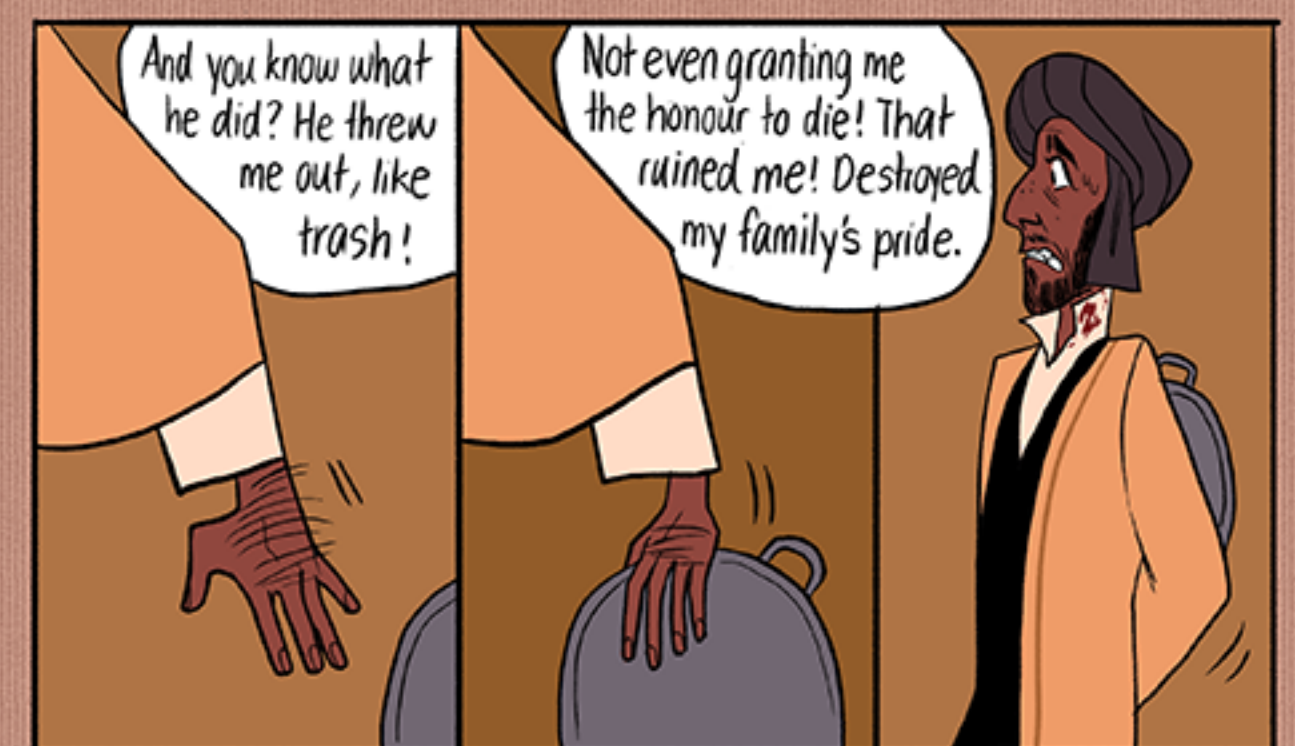


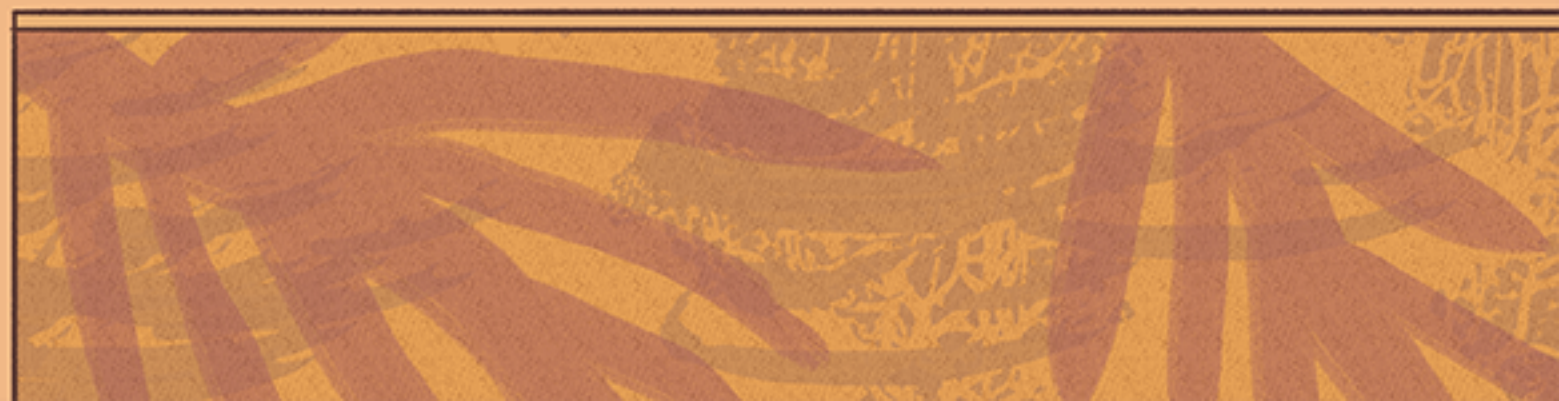
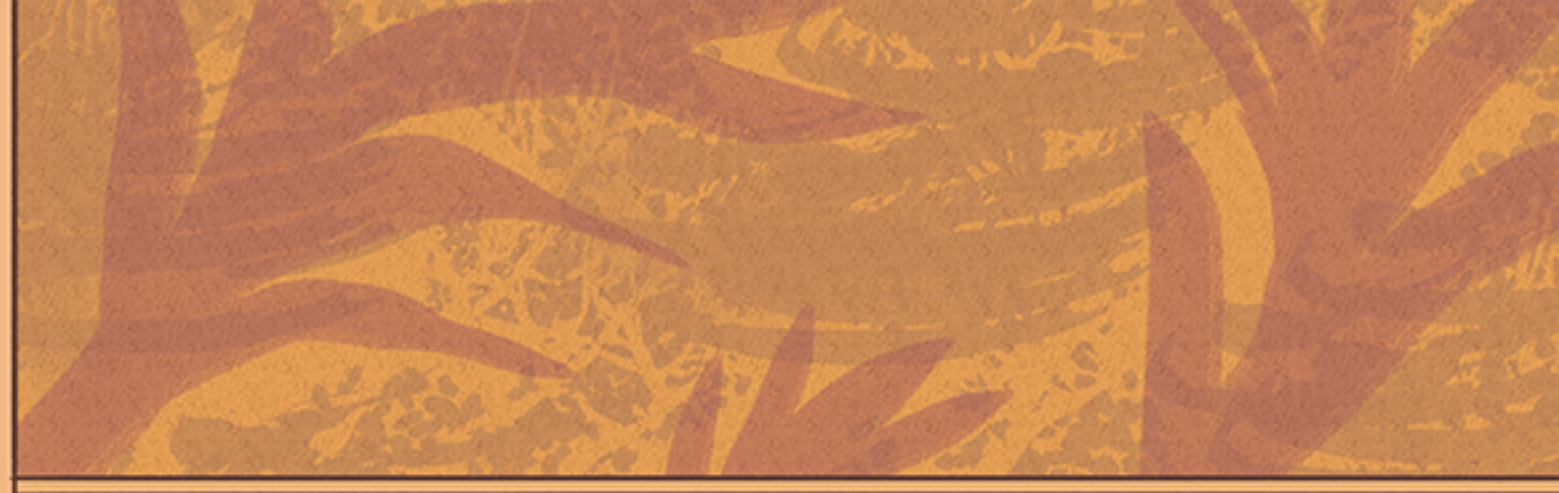


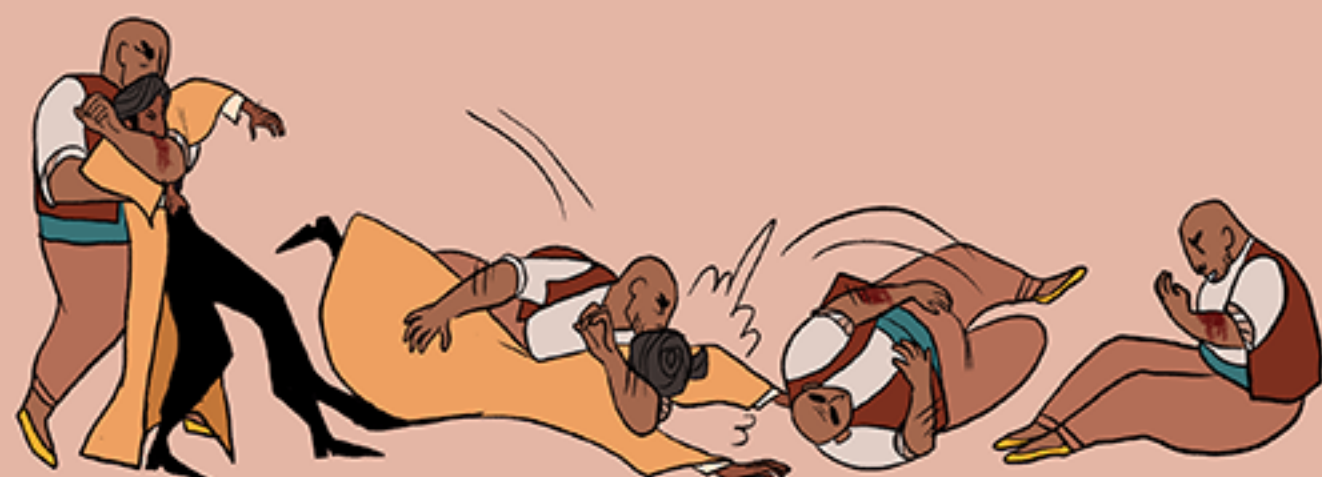










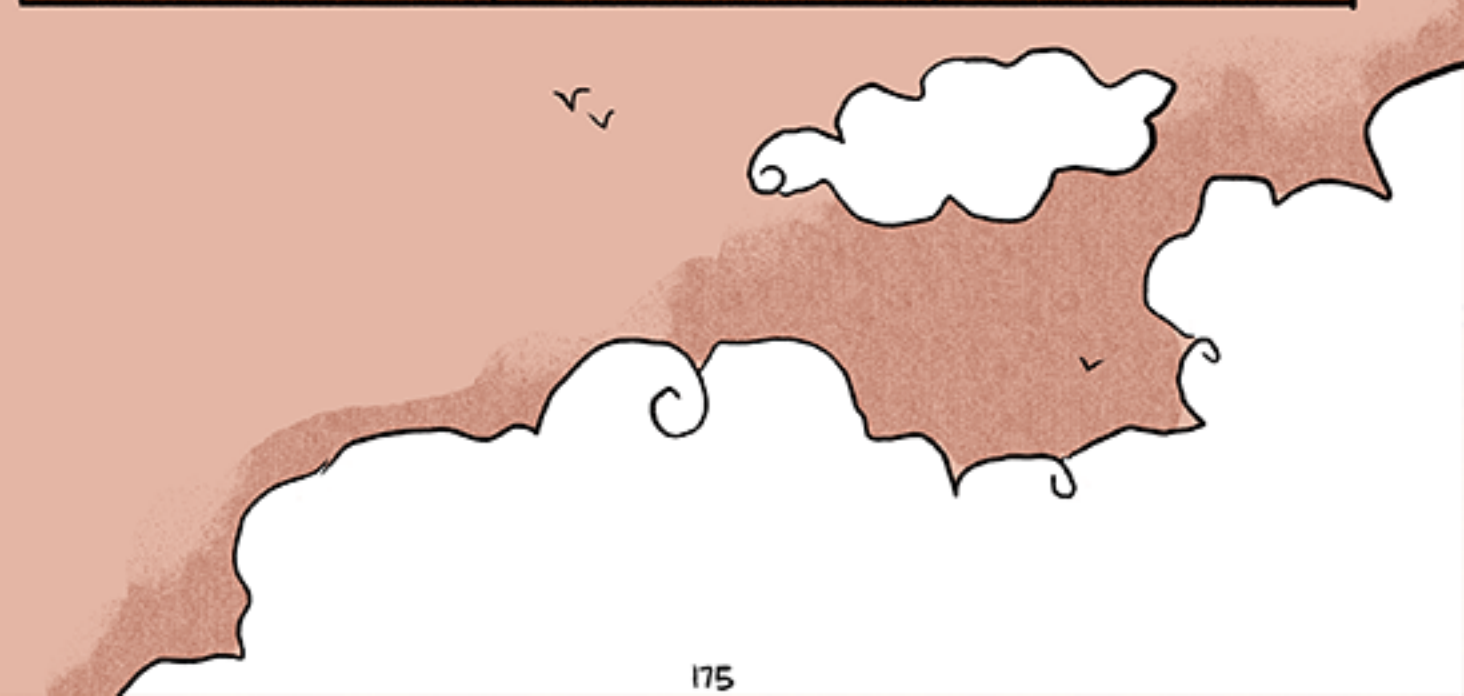
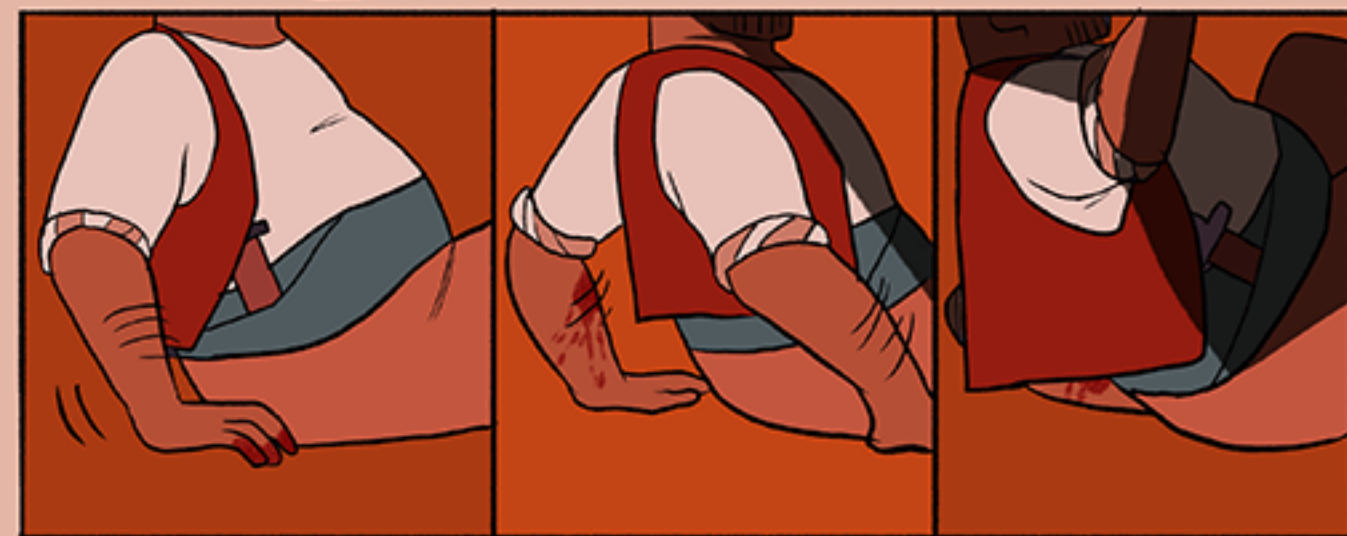


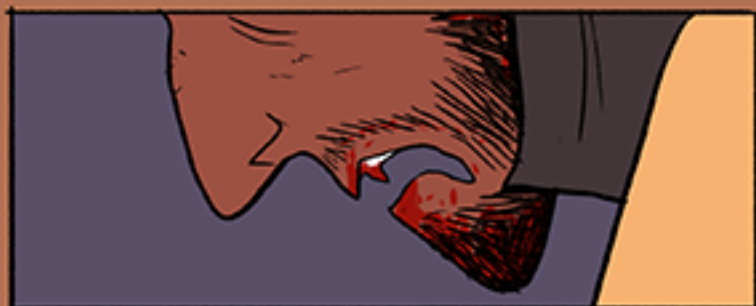
N-no, get away djinni-

NO

NO!

gasps





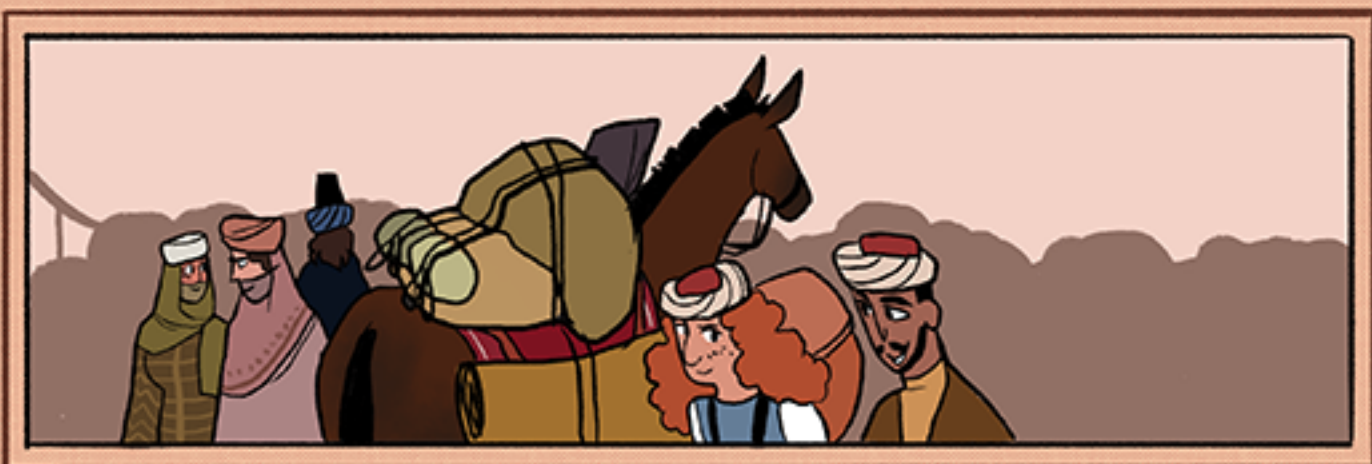












*uncle

"Amca Zeynel!
Why are you
still in the
city??"

"Memo! What's wrong?"

"You look pale.
Are you ill?"

"It's nothing..."

"You're
freezing..."

"Nothing that
would make you
come home!"

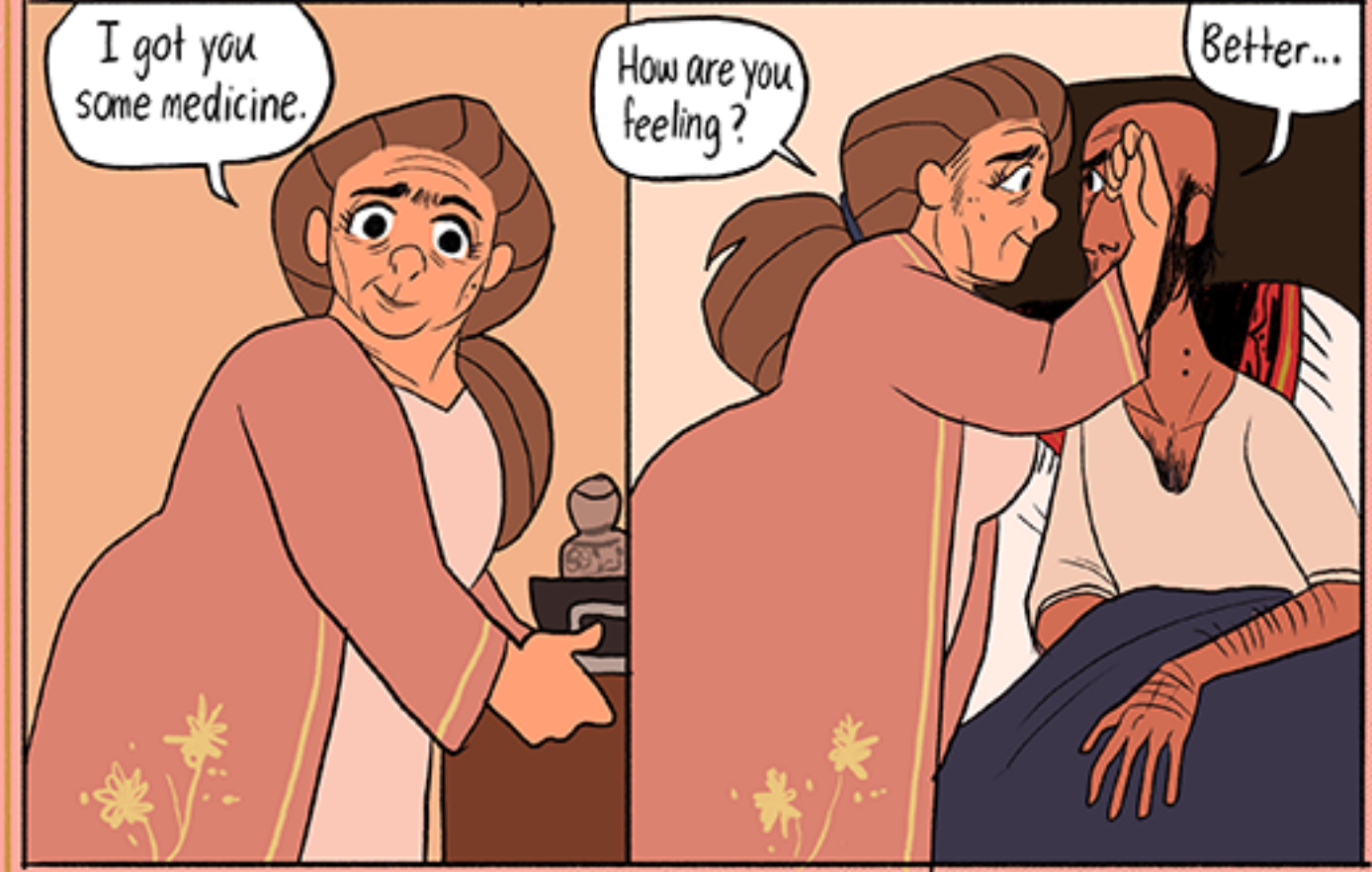
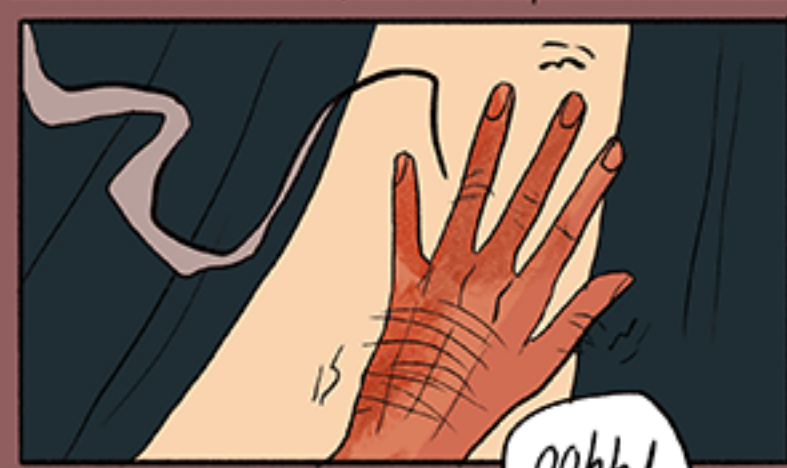
"Have you
eaten?"

"No... sorry.
I keep
throwing it
out..."

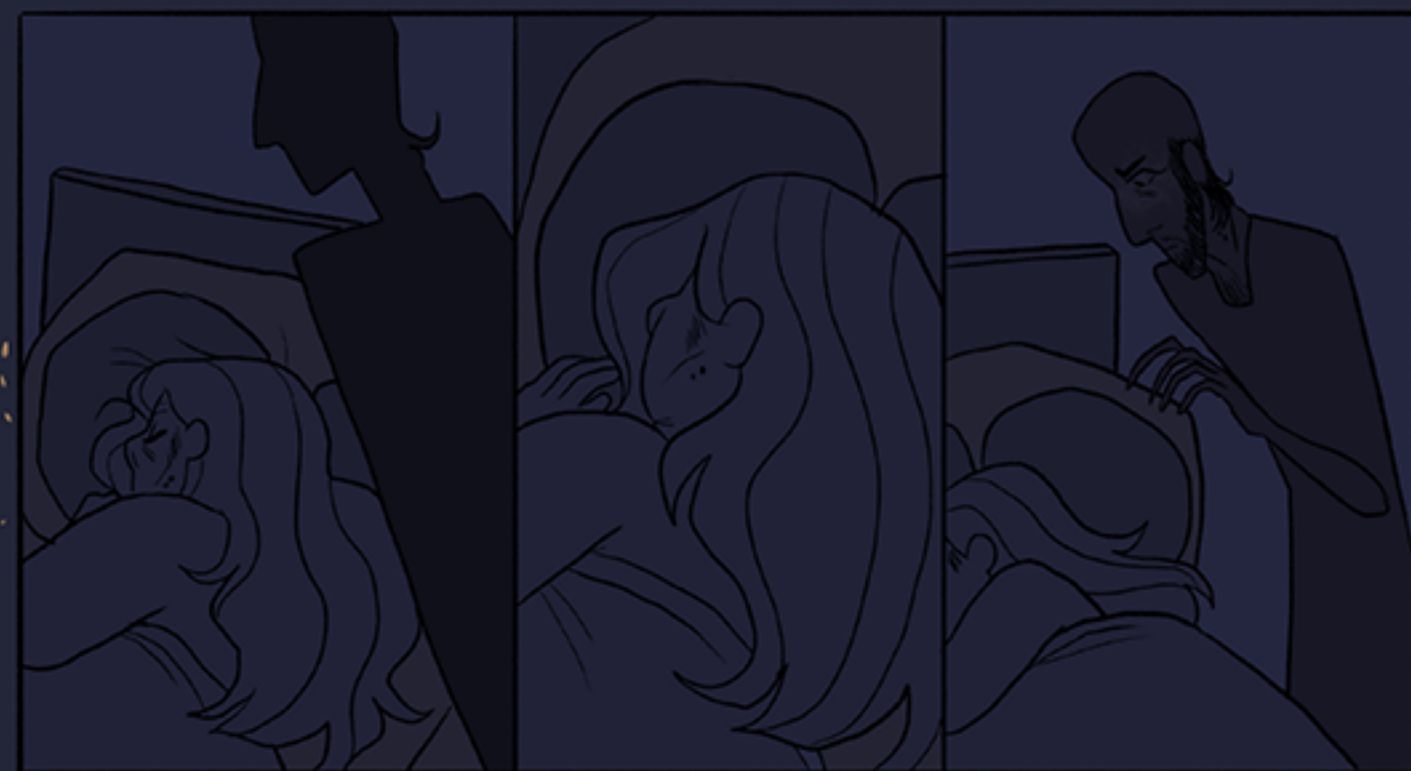
"Erm, where's the camel?"

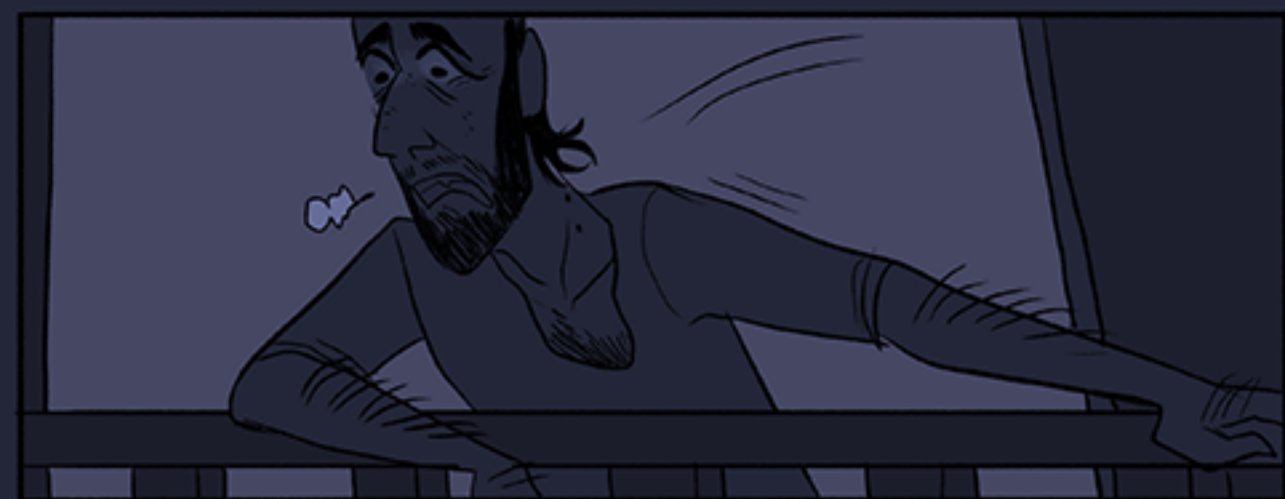
"Shhh!
Now's not
the time!"

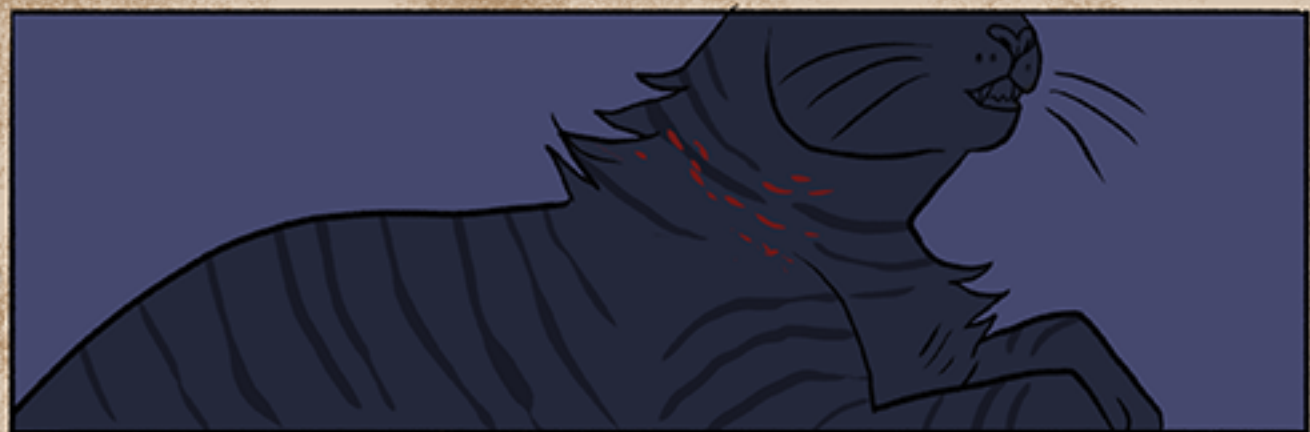
"Come on Memo,
off to bed."

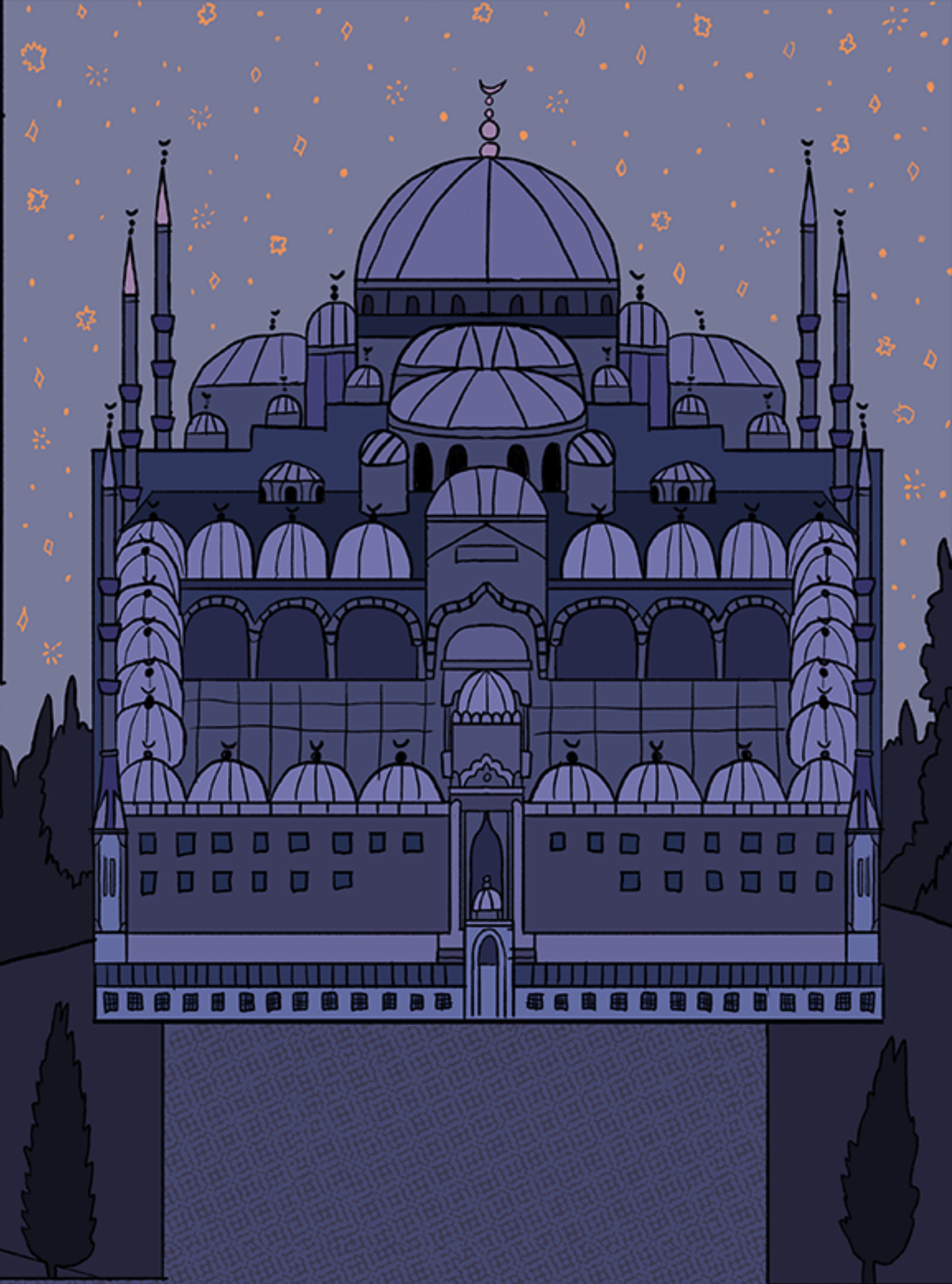
















Please help me.
Please tell me.

What did I do wrong?
I never miss a prayer.
My family is happy.
I lived an honest life.

Is it because I
keep putting off
Hajj? I can go
now! I swear!

A-And if that isn't
enough, I-I'll do
anything! Anything
you ask me. Just-
please.

Please tell me
what I've missed,
what I did wrong...

What I can do
to be in Your
favour again.

Please.

Help
me.

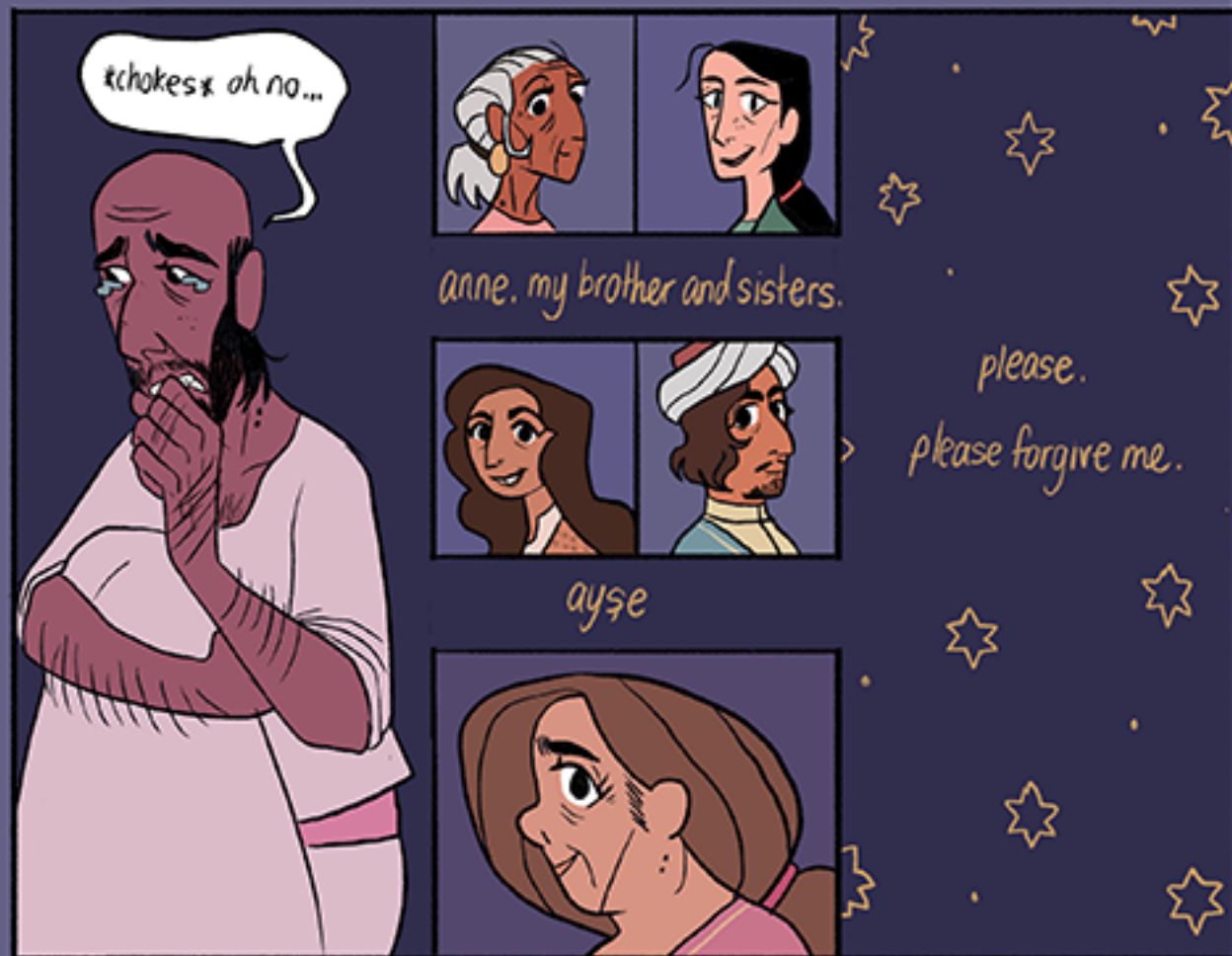
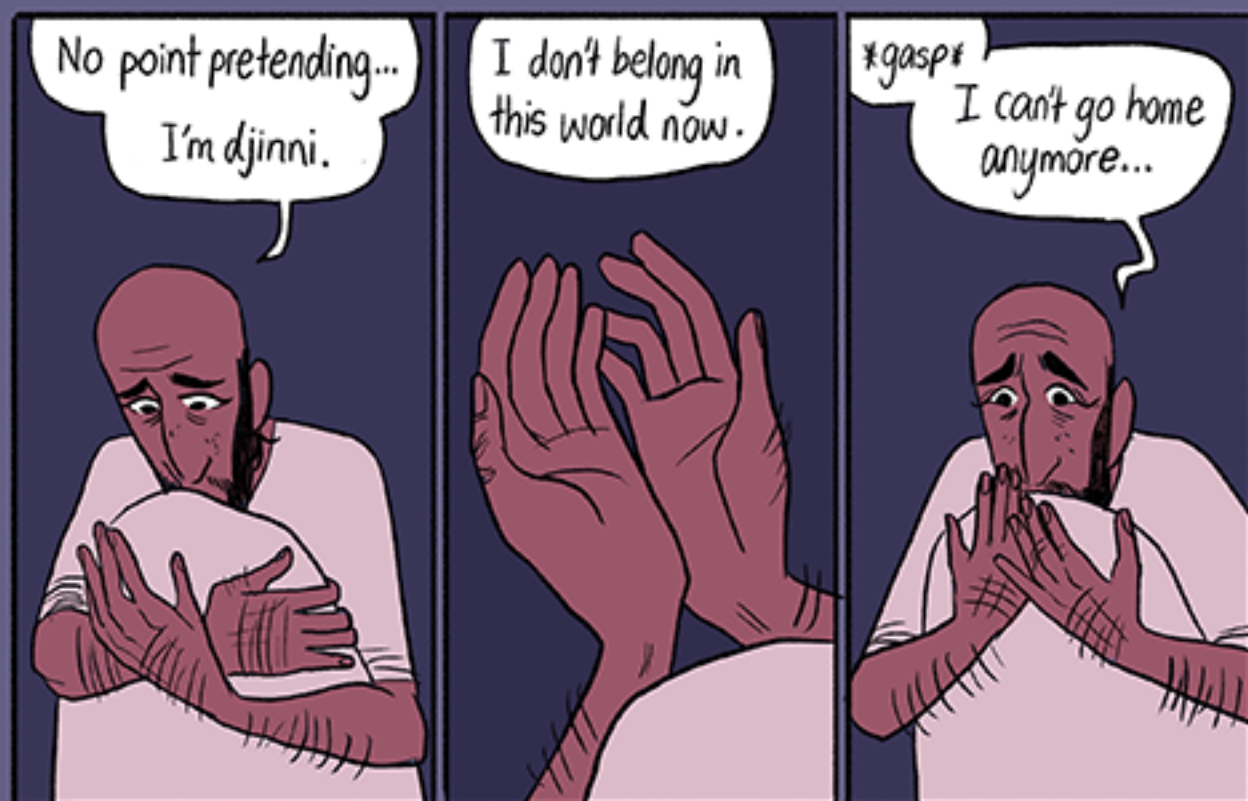




It's simply a test, isn't it?



△ There is no might or power except in Allah

















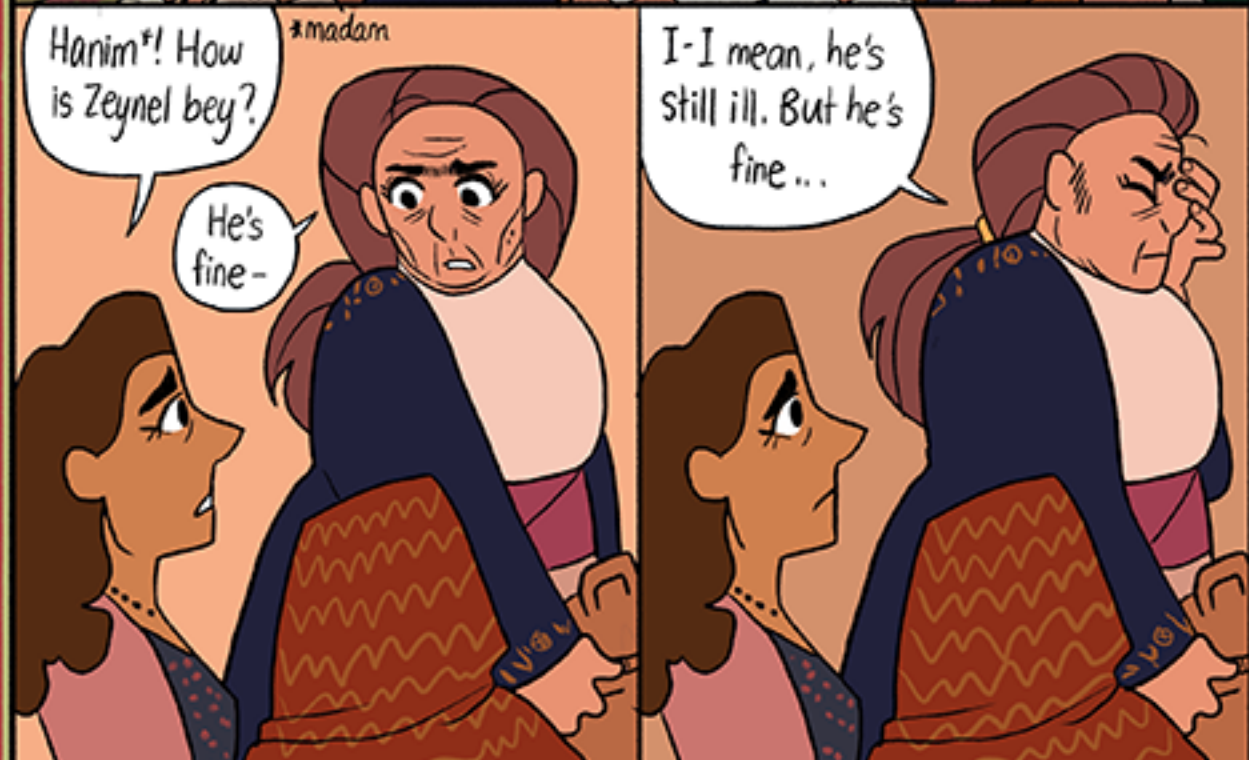


Hanım*! How is Zeynel bey?

*madam

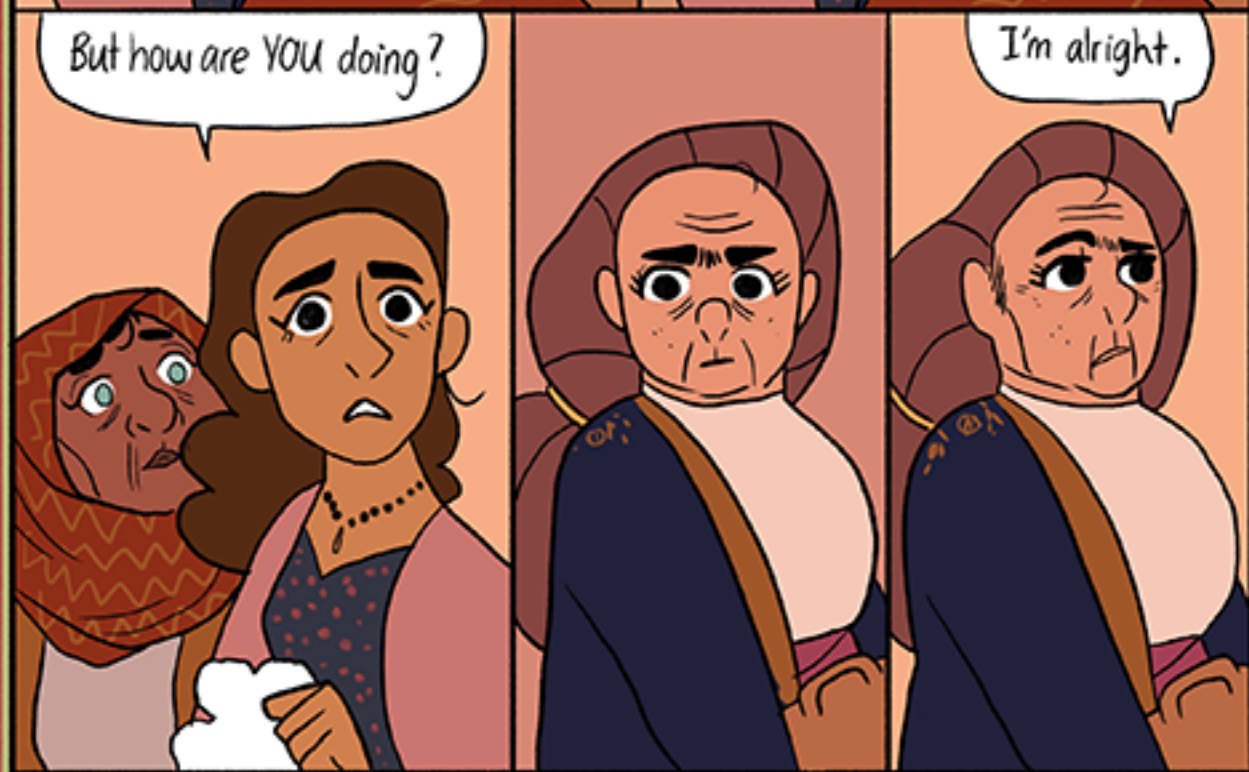
He's fine-

I-I mean, he's still ill. But he's fine...



But how are YOU doing?

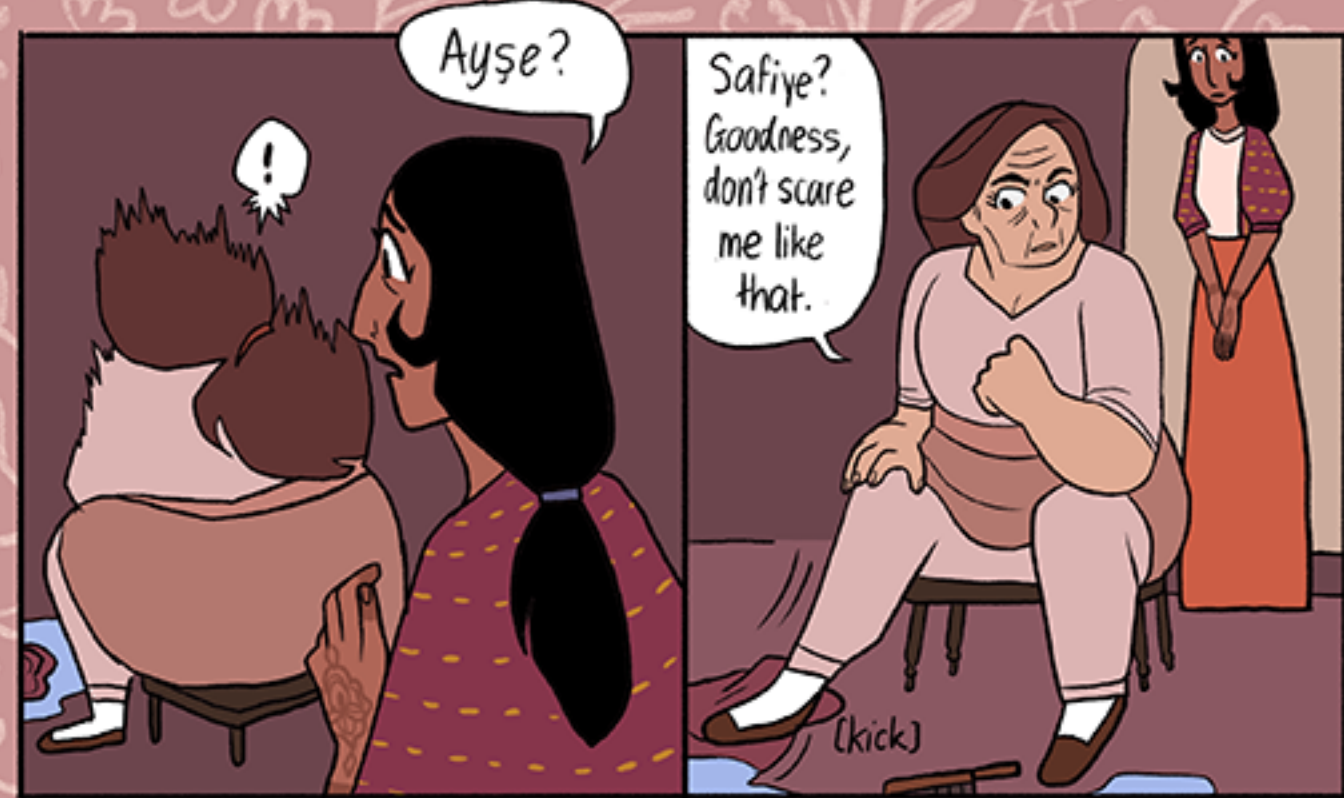
I'm alright.

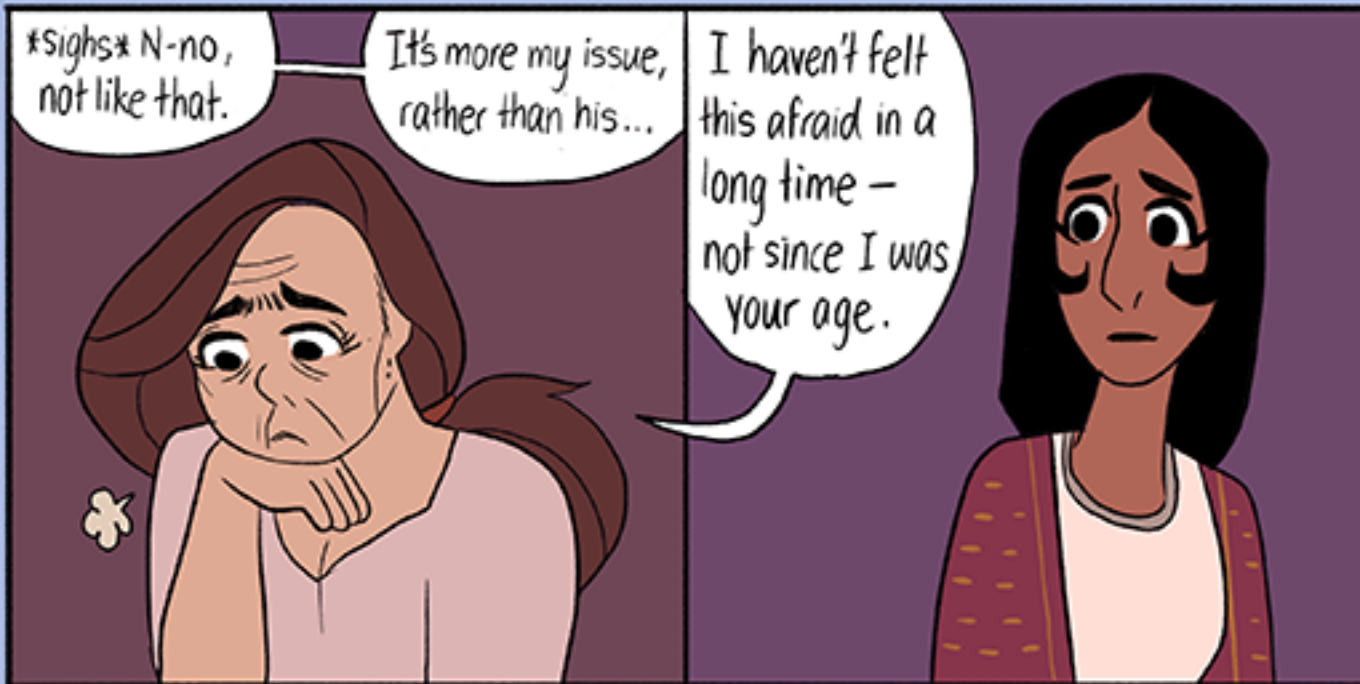


You'll be alright?





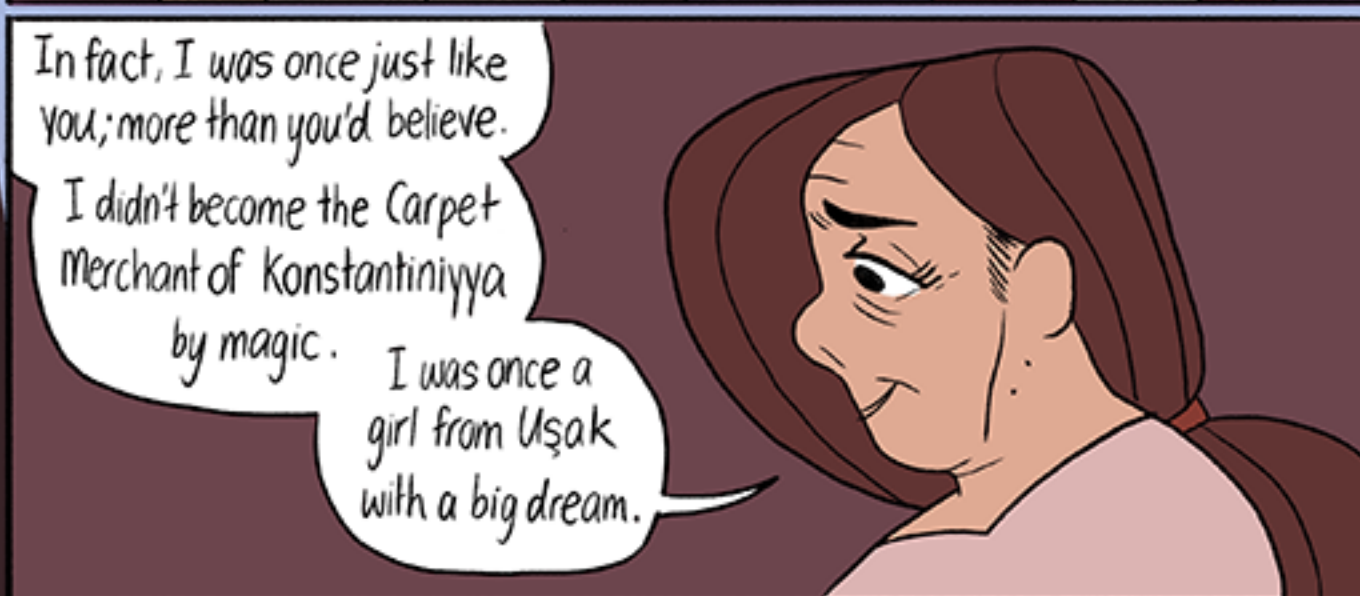




sighs N-no, not like that.

It's more my issue, rather than his...

I haven't felt this afraid in a long time — not since I was your age.



In fact, I was once just like you; more than you'd believe.

I didn't become the Carpet Merchant of Konstantiniyya by magic.

I was once a girl from Uşak with a big dream.



I knew that I wanted... all of this, that you see now.

But, there were moments when I doubted that I could pull this off.



It's the... I suppose,

the empty space of the future.

You know, it's like you've the loom and wool in front of you, and the ideas look good in your head. It's perfect.

Except,

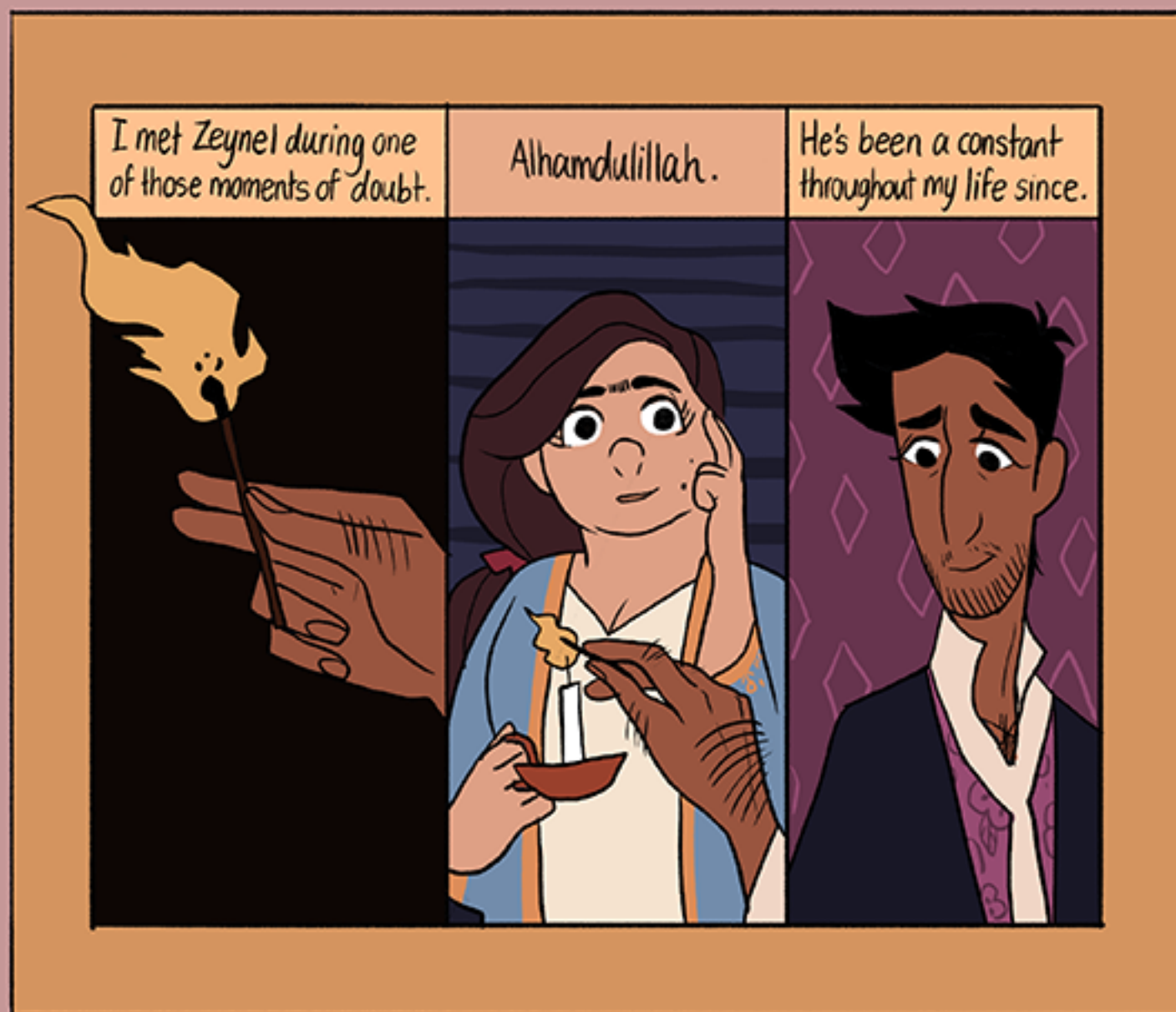
you're afraid for how your rug will turn out. Or if you even have the skill to weave one in the first place.

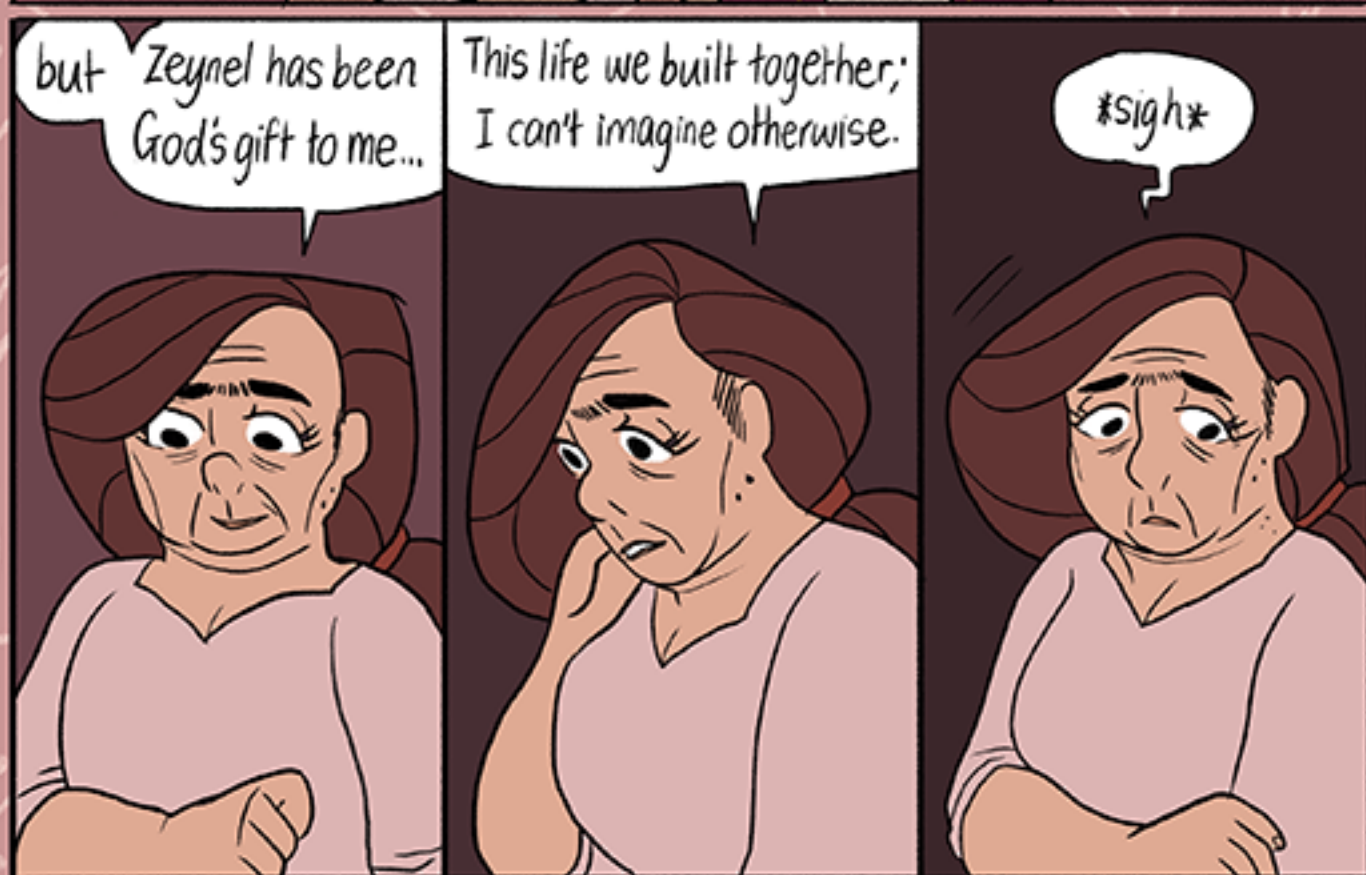
Anything can happen to ruin your rug....

or, perhaps —

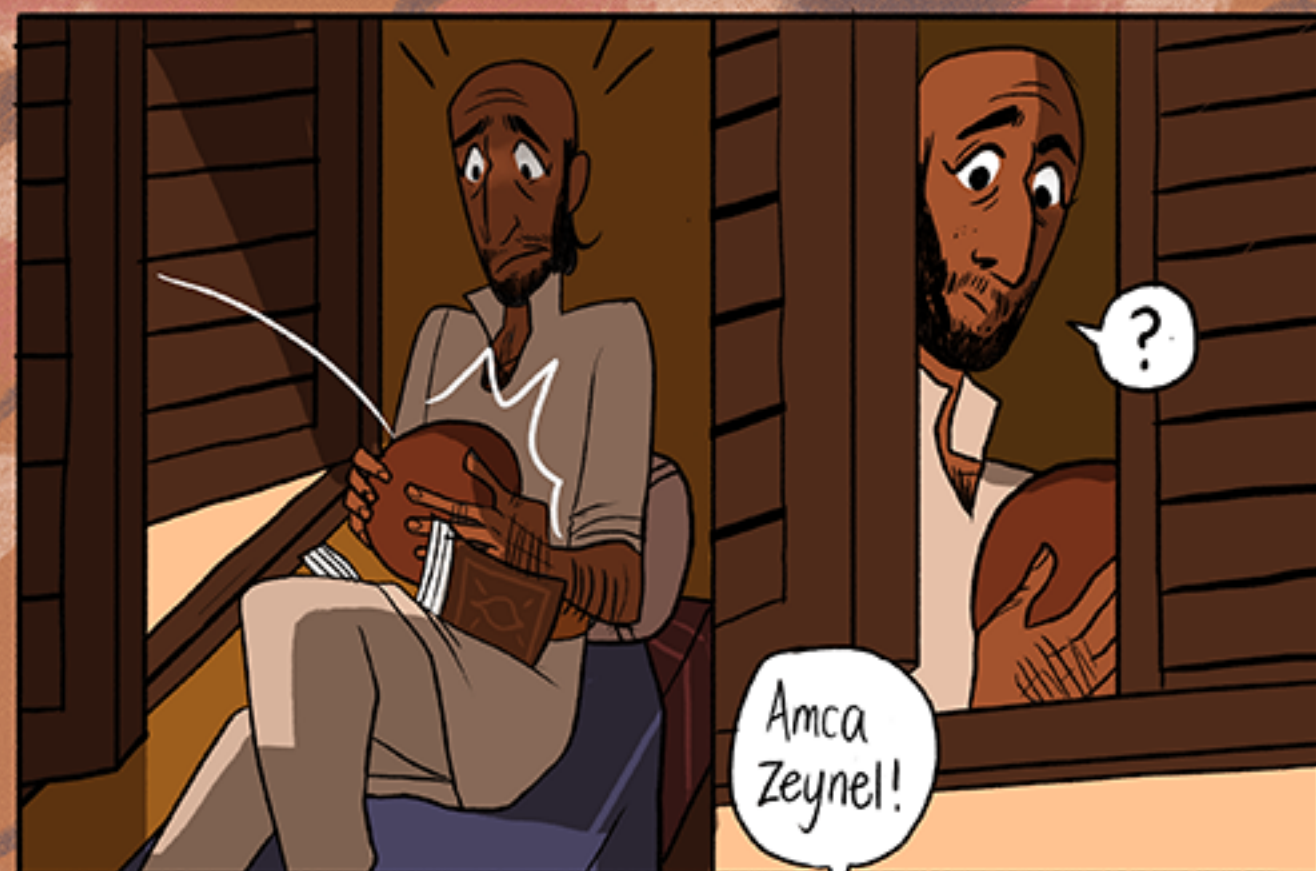


Nothing at all happens.





"-and be amazing."



Thanks!
I will.



Nobody
deserves this...



Give me the strength
to commit myself.

Please.

If not for You,
for them.

The workshop. Anne. My
brother and sisters. Safiye.
Ayşe.





Once upon a time,
there was a little
bird.

He
had no
name, and no
voice.

He spent his days praying,

and his nights contemplating
the beauty of all that Allah
has created and given.

He was grateful for
everything, despite
his emptiness.

Then one day,
in the Garden of
Paradise,
he came upon
the most beautiful
of all creations.

but she was only
a Tulip then. A small bud.
Yet he could already
see in his heart that
she was most beautiful.

And she could see in her
heart that he was
most beautiful too.

The
Rose.

'Habibi,' she said.
'We're both cursed.'

'I'm shackled by thorns and
hidden in silence. I'm alone
and afraid; I do not know
yet of myself and my purpose.'

'Leave me be, for I've no
means yet to give.'



But the little bird knew
that it was not true.

They had Love to give,

even if they had
nothing else.



Oh my Lord!

said the little bird.



If you'd let me sing for this Tulip,
I'll sing for You at every
dawn and every twilight.

I'll sing for You,
and my beloved Tulip.



The love that grew in his
heart sweetened
his throat

and true to his
word, he spent every dawn and
every twilight, singing
even as he remained voiceless,

for the Tulip
gave him every
reason to.

And in turn the Tulip learned to see inside herself
that she was Love, a gift of her own.

She began to grow, bigger and stronger,



for the little bird gave her every reason to



bloom.



One day the Rose reached out
her petals to embrace her
God and the World,
and gave to both the
Magnificence they deserved,
for she had been
given the greatest
gift of all.

{ The Nightingale, joyful at her
becoming, sang his praises
to Allah in — }

— the sweetest,
most beautiful voice
the World has ever heard.

Alas, my tale has come to an end...
but hear my prayer dear children—



for you to treasure your blemishes,
your slights, your flaws, your weaknesses.

For even the Nightingale and the Rose
have learned to turn their emptiness—



into the Greatest Love
they can give to each other.

Ameen.

Habibi... ?



I'm sorry I was
out for so long—







The image features a dark blue background adorned with a dense, intricate floral pattern. The pattern consists of thin, winding white lines that form a complex web of loops and swirls. Interspersed along these lines are various stylized floral elements: small white flowers with red centers, larger white flowers with red centers, and several red, bell-shaped flowers. The overall effect is a rich, textured border that frames the central text box. The text box is a simple white rectangle with a thin black border, containing the text "Please don't go." in a black, cursive font.

Please don't go.



Stay.
—
I need you.



I know.

—

I need you
too.



But I really
must go...



I'm djinni now. I
can't trap you like
this. You deserve
better.



But you must...
you need to
let me go.

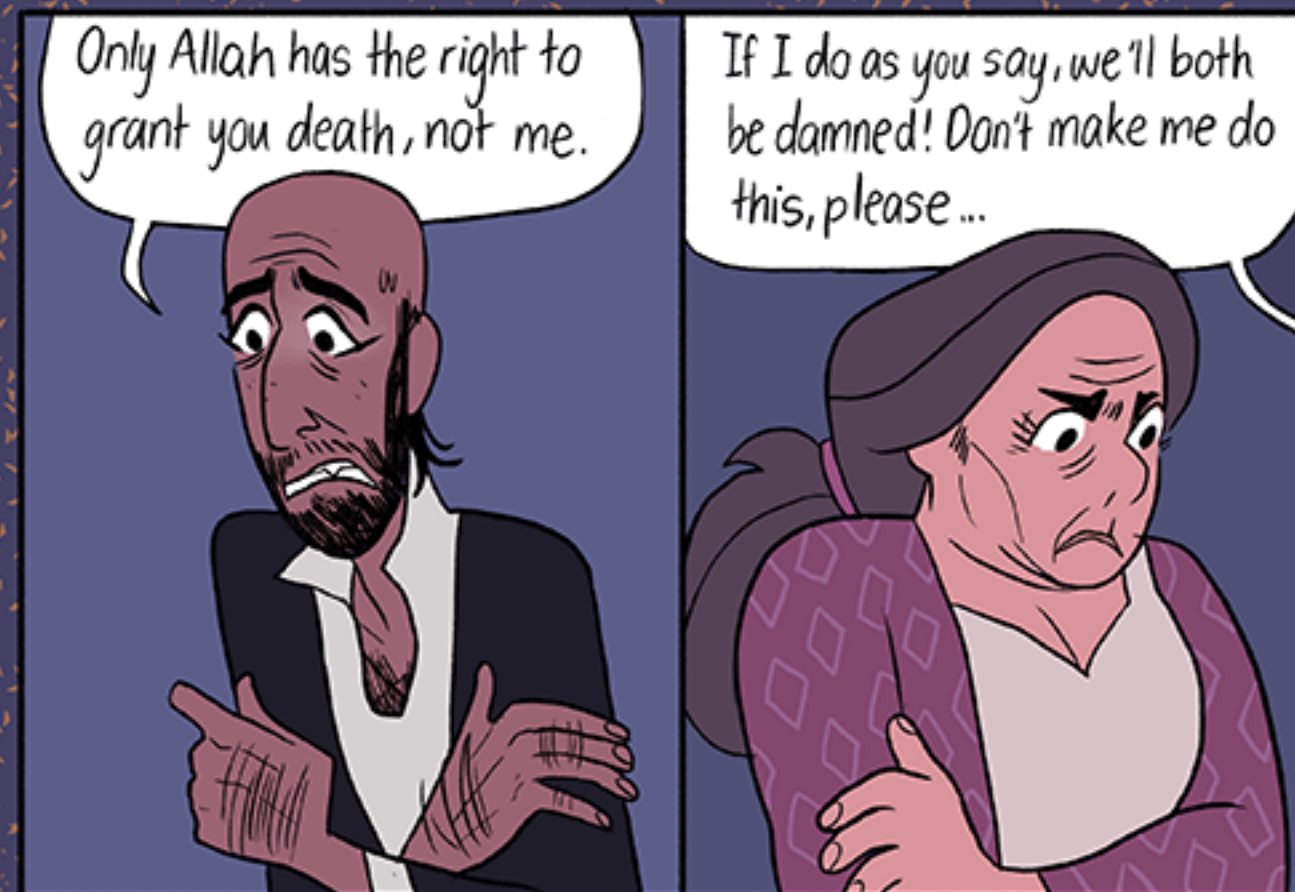
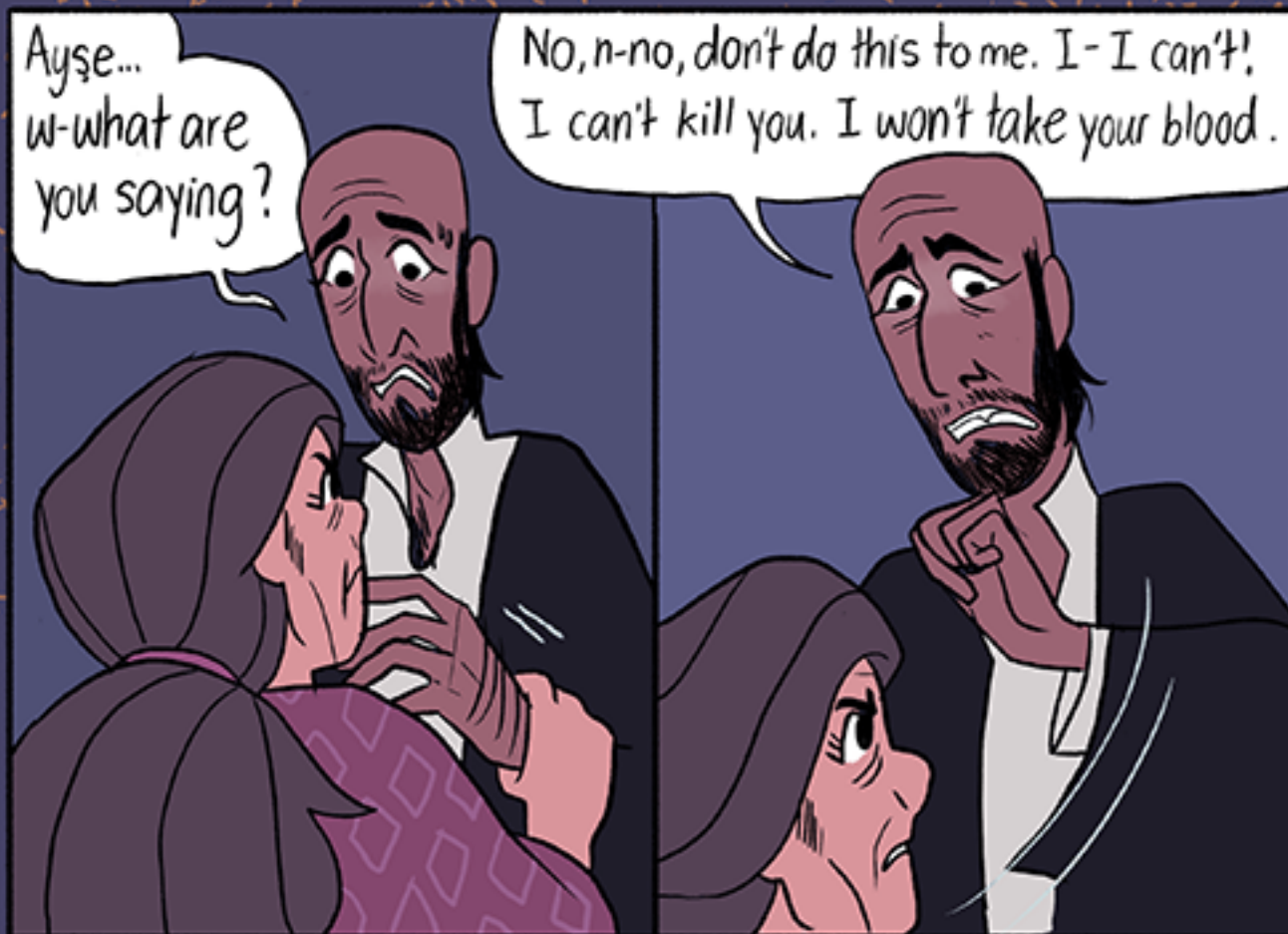
Please.



N-no.

If you can't
be human...
then let me
be djinni.











*It really isn't. But it's Allah's will isn't it?
Maybe in separating us He is giving us
the greatest test of our love.*

*Only He knows His reasons why, but
He won't give us anything we couldn't
handle. That is why we must continue
to have faith. And to persevere
come what may—stronger, better,
but not lesser in the end.*





Listen.
I've just
one wish.

Please live the
best of your
full life.

You're
amazing, and strong,
beautiful and
brilliant;

Your life
is simply too
precious.

Live, for the
both of us, and
make our dreams
come true.

Could you
do that?



Silly, after all
these years!

Maybe you could
try giving me something
something harder
to do!







Thank you.

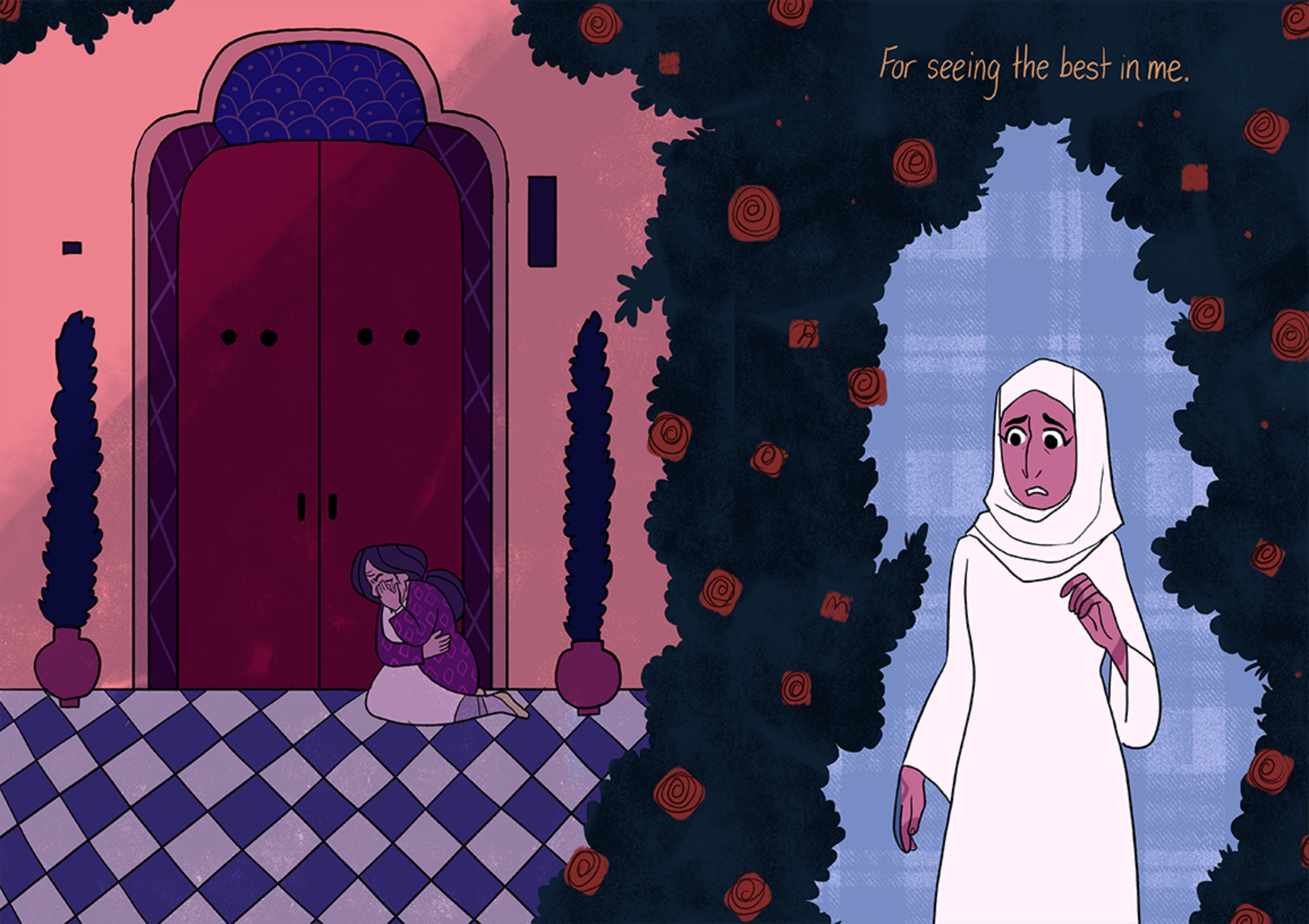


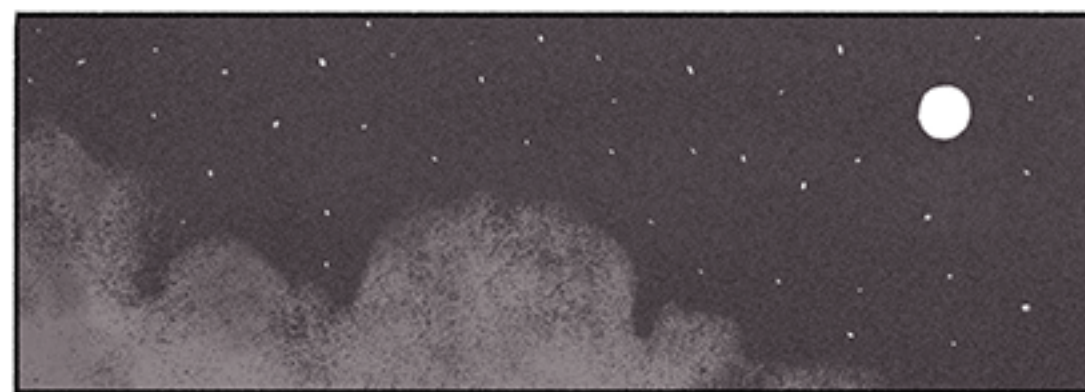
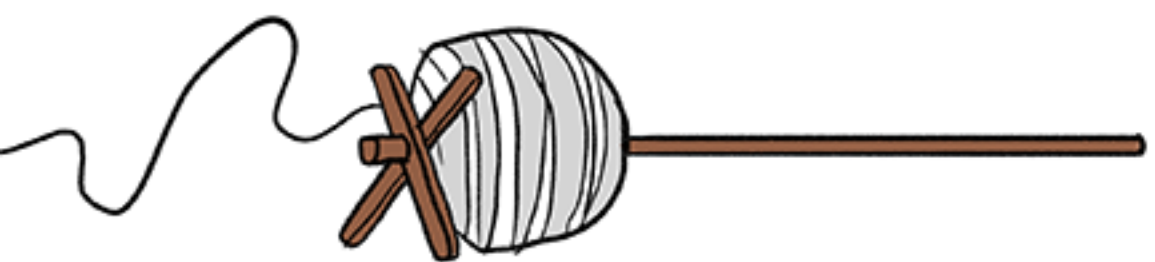


For saving me.



For seeing the best in me.

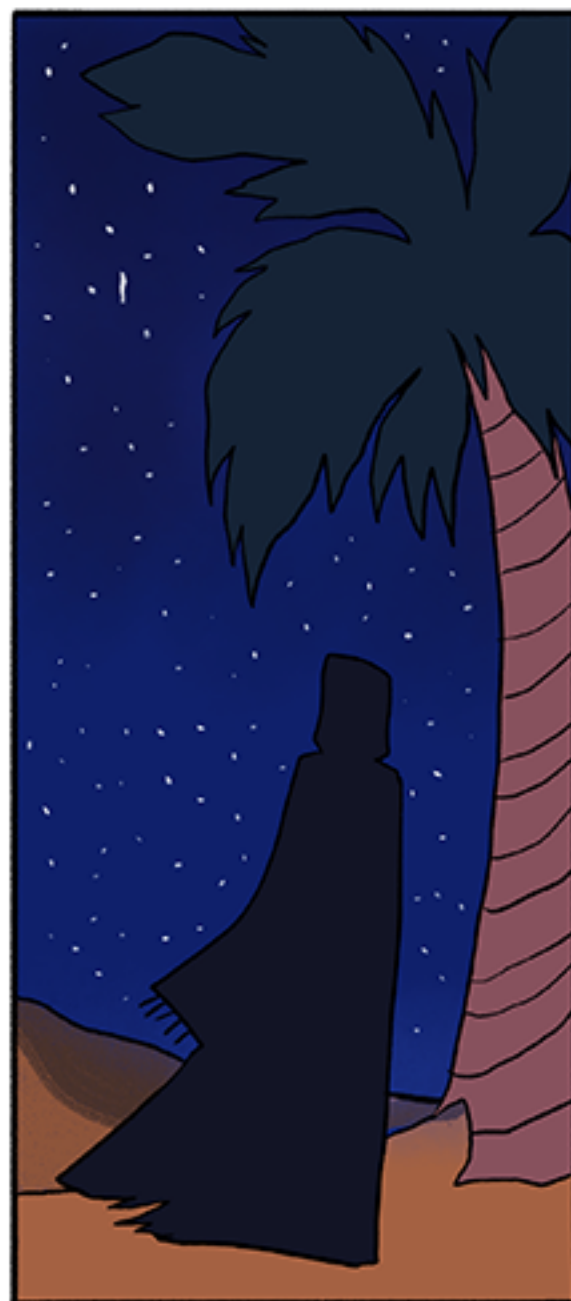




For making me a part of your life.



For loving me.

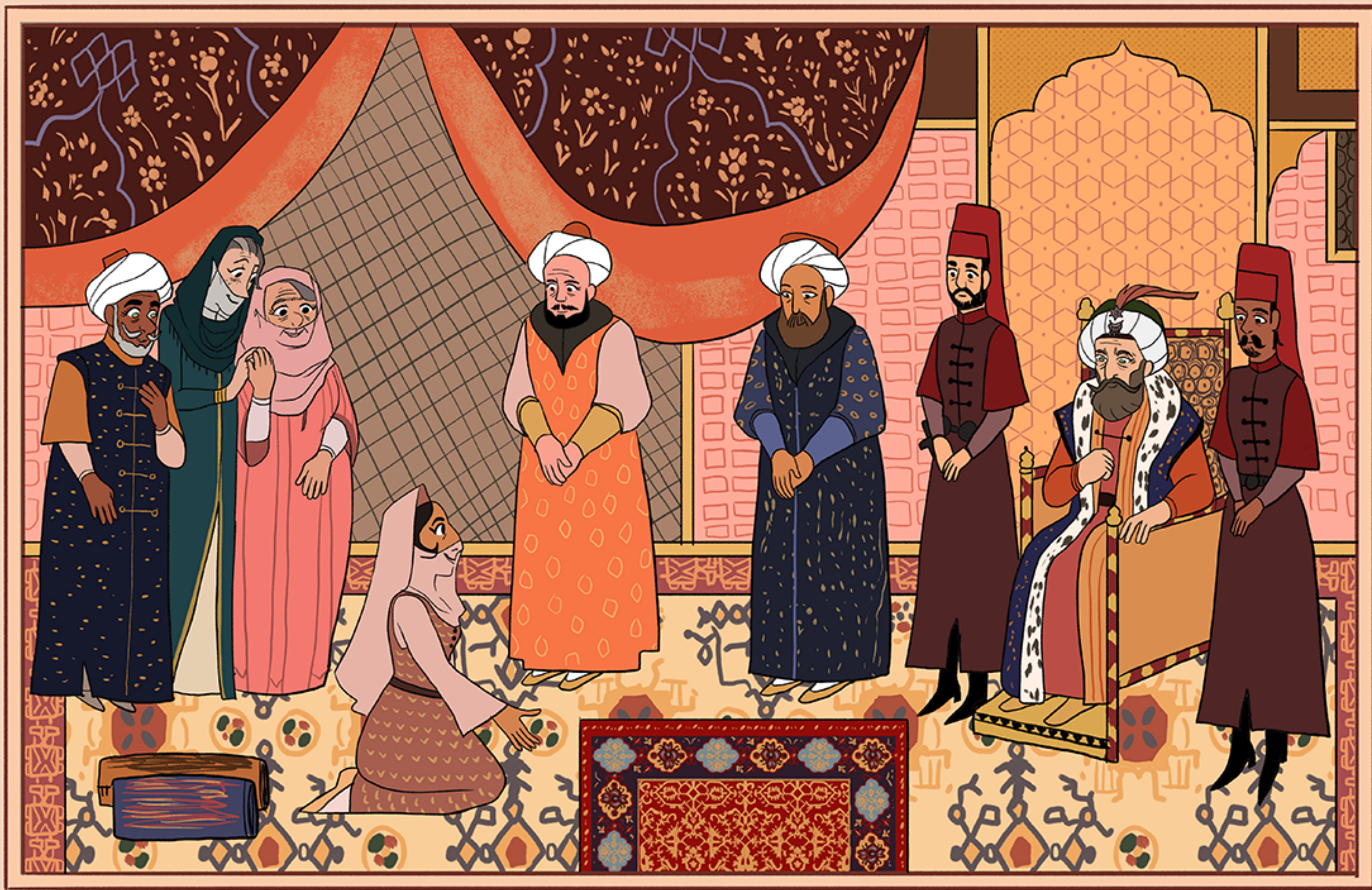


I'll always be
eternally grateful
to you



and I'll always
love you.





No matter how far
we're apart,

or how old we've
become.



This I know to
be forever true.

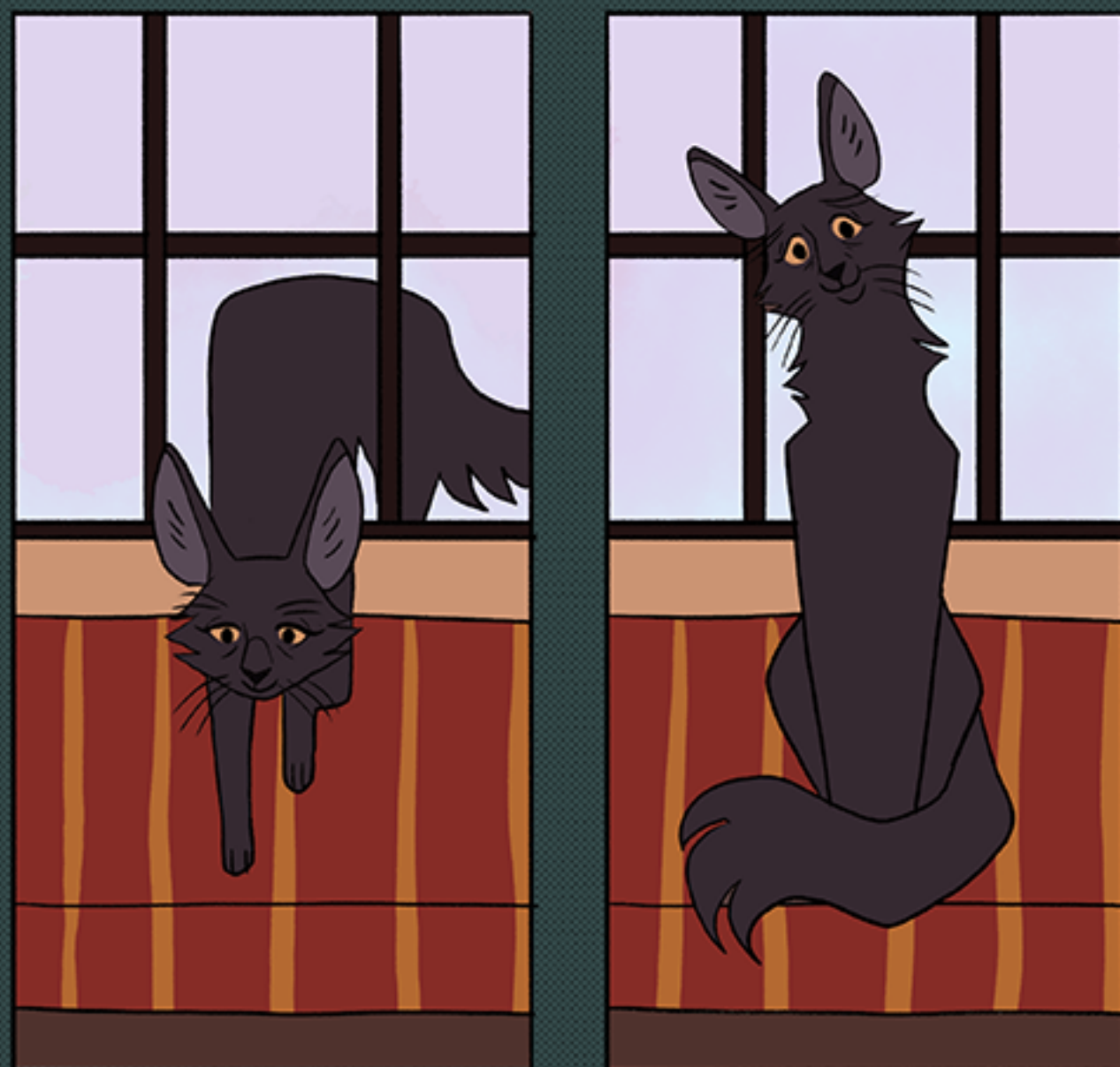


1107 AH

1696 CE











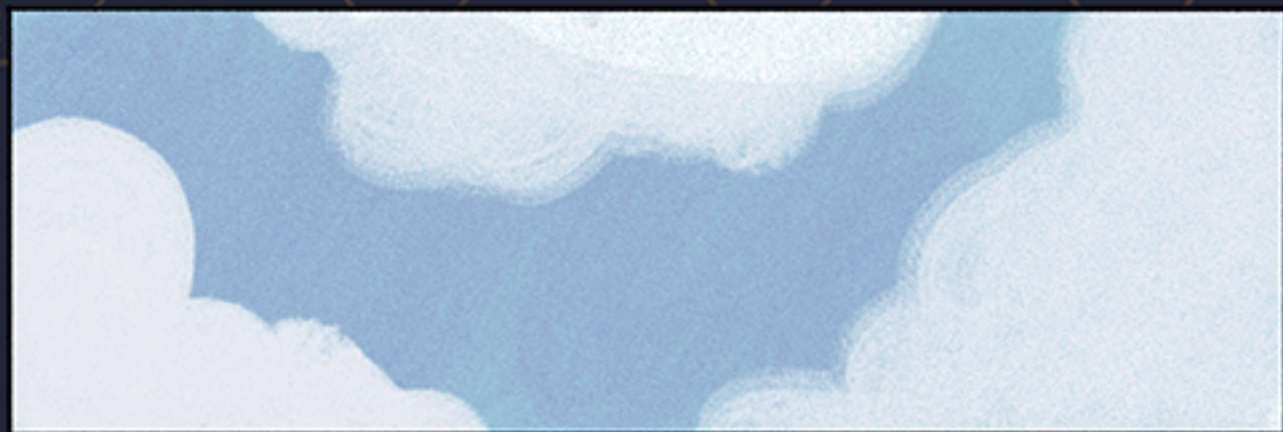






And I pray that
one day...

1107 AH/1696 CE



1117 AH/1706 CE

One day





Whenever the Almighty wills it,

be it soon or a hundred lifetimes,



we will meet again —

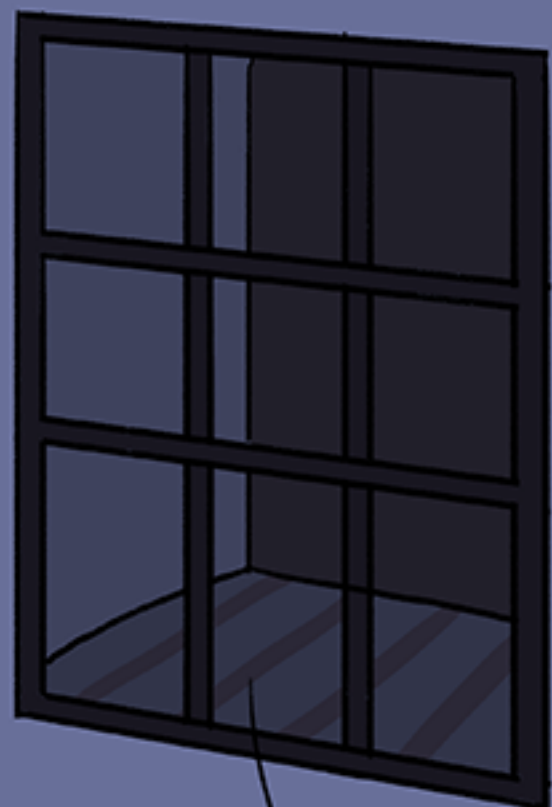


in Paradise.





Ameen.





The Carpet Merchant
of Konstantiniyya
Reimena Yee

Vol I

